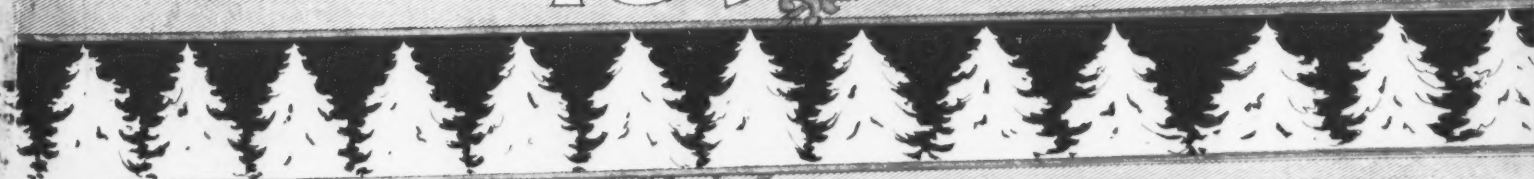




CHRISTMAS

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT 1898



PRICE 50 CENTS WITH PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.

INCORPORATED 1851

WESTERN ASSURANCE Co.

FIRE AND MARINE

HEAD OFFICE, - - TORONTO

... DIRECTORS ...

HON. GEO. A. COX, President.	J. J. KENNY, Vice-President.
HON. S. C. WOOD.	G. R. R. COCKBURN.
GEO. McMURRICH.	ROBERT BEATY.
H. N. BAIRD.	W. R. BROCK.

JAMES KERR OSBORNE.

Subscribed Capital,	-	-	-	\$ 2,000,000
Paid up Capital,	-	-	-	1,000,000
Cash Assets over,	-	-	-	2,300,000
Annual Income over,	-	-	-	2,330,000
Losses Paid Since Organization over,	-	-	-	24,000,000

Agencies in all principal cities and towns in Canada and United States.
C. C. FOSTER, Secretary. J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.



At this season of the year it becomes a serious question for husbands and fathers to select appropriate Christmas presents for their wives and children.

The most suitable of all gifts would be a policy of insurance in the

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

The Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by this Association is absolutely free from conditions from date of issue and guarantees Extended Insurance or a Paid up Policy after two years or a Cash Value after five years.

The Confederation Life Association publishes an interesting set of pamphlets giving full particulars as to the different plans of insurance offered by them and will be glad to send them on application to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's agents.

W. C. MACDONALD, J. K. MACDONALD,
ACTUARY. MANAGING DIRECTOR.

British America — Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED
1833

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FIRE AND MARINE

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THOMAS LONG.	JOHN HOSKIN, Q.C., LL.D.
HON. S. C. WOOD.	S. F. MCKINNON.

H. M. PELLATT.

Cash Capital,	-	-	-	\$ 750,000
Total Assets,	-	-	-	1,450,131
Losses Paid Since Organization,	-	-	-	15,549,000

GEO. A. COX,	J. J. KENNY,	P. H. SIMS,
President.	Vice-President.	Secretary.

The Toronto General Trusts Company

OFFICES AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
Southeast Corner Yonge and Colborne Streets, Toronto

Capital, \$1,000,000 & Reserve Fund, \$250,000

DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT,	JOHN HOSKIN, Q.C., LL.D.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{ E. A. MEREDITH, Esq., LL.D.
	{ W. H. BEATTY, Esq.
MANAGING DIRECTOR,	J. W. LANGMUIR.
ASSISTANT MANAGER,	A. D. LANGMUIR.

Many People

struggle to accumulate property during life, but do not give sufficient consideration to its disposition after death, even postponing the simple duty of making a will until too late. No doubt the delay in making a will frequently arises from inability to select an executor of requisite ability and integrity, more particularly if a trust is created under the will, and even when a suitable person is selected, the grave doubt is always present whether such person will live to execute the trust.

The Toronto General Trusts Company

was established expressly to remove such doubt and to meet all requirements in respect to **security, continuity of service, and efficiency in management.** The Company therefore confidently solicits the appointments under wills of **Executor and Trustee.**

Confidential Interviews

upon all trust and estate matters are invited.

The Toronto General Trusts Company also acts as **Administrator, Guardian, Committee, Receiver, Agent,** and in all trust and fiduciary capacities. It is qualified in every way to take charge of assets both before and after the death of the owner; and for the faithful performance of such duties its capital and surplus are liable. There are many advantages in putting the management of financial affairs in the care of the Company, either as trustee or agent, for the purpose of making investments, collecting interest, rents, etc.

The Board of Directors

are leading business men of the highest character, whose integrity and standing in the community afford the amplest guarantee that all business entrusted to the Company will be faithfully managed.

Special Attention

is called to the fact that all trust funds and investments are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Company; the records of each individual trust show the assets belonging thereto.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY
SOUTHEAST CORNER YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, TORONTO.

PARISIAN MODELED SHORT-LENGTH CORSETS

THE QUEEN MOO...

Although only recently placed on the market, has found immense favor with the most fastidious element of society. Other styles giving universal satisfaction in their glove-like fit and unrivalled durability are

The Victoria, Contour, Magnetic and Qeebeh Corsets, also, the Celebrated Hygeian Waist

which is recommended by leading physicians. Sold in all the stores. Manufactured by

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.
Limited, Toronto.



Wyld, Grasett & Darling

LINEN DEPARTMENT

Large Assortment of Linens suitable for Christmas Trade. Five o'Clock Tea Cloths with Napkins to match. Tray Cloths, D'oylies, Sideboard Scarfs, Etc.

All sizes in Bleached Damask Cloths and Napkins, Fancy H.S. Towels, &c.

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ESTABLISHED 1824.

The Manchester Fire Assurance Company

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R. P. TEMPLETON,
ASSISTANT MANAGER.

T. D. RICHARDSON,
INSPECTOR.

Imperial Trusts Co. of Canada

32 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

Capital, \$400,000

INTEREST ALLOWED ON MONEY DEPOSITED
(See particulars below.)

DIRECTORS:

H. S. HOWLAND, Esq., President J. D. CHIPMAN, Esq., Vice-President
President Imperial Bank of Canada. Vice-President St. Stephen Bank, N.B.
Sir Sandford Fleming, C.E., K.C.M.G. Hugh Scott, Esq., Insurance Underwriter.
A. S. Irving, Esq., Director Ontario Bank. C. J. Campbell, Esq., late Assistant Receiver-General
Thomas Walmsley, Esq., Vice-President Queen City Ins. Co.
H. M. Pollatt, Esq., President Toronto Electric Light Co. Owen Jones, Esq., C.E., London, Eng.

The Company is authorized to act as Trustee, Agent and Assignee in the case of Private Estates, and also for Public Companies.

Interest allowed on money deposited in General Trust Fund, 4 per cent. per annum, compounded half-yearly; if left for three years or over, 4½ per cent. per annum.

Government, Municipal and other Bonds and Debentures for sale, paying from 3 to 4½ per cent. per annum.

J. S. LOCKIE, Manager.

The HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN CO. Limited

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

HON. SIR FRANK SMITH,
EUGENE O'KEEFE,

President.
Vice-President.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED from twenty cents upwards; interest at current rates allowed thereon.

MONEY LOANED ON MORTGAGE—small and large sums; convenient terms of repayment and at lowest current rates of interest. No valuation fee charged. Loans on collaterals of Bank and other Stocks, and Bonds, and Debentures, on convenient and easy terms.

For further information apply at office

JAMES MASON, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto
Manager.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Company

INCORPORATED 1863

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND, 770,000

OFFICES,—No. 76 Church Street, Toronto, and Main Street, Winnipeg

Money to Loan on Improved Farms. A Few Good Farms For Sale.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED. DEBENTURES ISSUED.

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WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.



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TORONTO, CANADA.

Manufacturers of

Coated Paper and Cardboard

... The Finest Grades of Goods for ...

Printing, Lithographing, Paper Boxes and Photo-Mounts

Christmas Saturday Night is printed on our Coated Book

5 FACTS

ABOUT THE CANADA LIFE
ASSURANCE CO.

ITS AGE:

Over 50 years. Established 1847.

ITS SIZE:

Assets nearly \$19,000,000; Assurances in force,
over \$72,000,000; Income, nearly \$3,000,000.

ITS SURPLUS:

Over \$1,500,000 on a 4 per cent. basis, Janu-
ary 1st, 1898. Next division of Surplus in 1900.

ITS RESULTS:

In profit results to policy-holders it has no
superior in America.

ITS AIM:

To give the best results for the least premium,
consistent with permanent security.



President :

A. G. RAMSAY, F.I.A.

Secretary :

R. HILLS.

Superintendent :

W. T. RAMSAY.

Assistant Actuary :

F. SANDERSON, M.A.



Half Century
Record OF THE
Canada Life
Assurance Co.

Established 1847

DATE.	ASSURANCES IN FORCE (Gross)	ANNUAL INCOME (Gross).	TOTAL ASSETS.
1847			
1850	\$ 814,903	\$ 27,338	\$ 41,973
1855	2,349,600	83,908	217,758
1860	3,365,407	133,446	664,627
1865	4,013,268	141,968	717,379
1870	6,404,437	273,728	1,090,098
1875	13,430,037	582,735	412,362
1880	21,547,759	835,856	4,297,852
1885	34,890,890	1,336,681	7,044,944
1890	54,086,801	2,093,881	11,032,440
1894	66,807,397	2,661,985	15,607,723
1897	72,719,555	2,953,273	18,678,915

IT PAYS TO INSURE IN THE CANADA LIFE

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Canada as a Home for Settlers

Thousands of Settlers Have Made Their Homes in Western Canada This Season.

160 ACRES OF LAND FREE

Synopsis Land and Mining Regulations.

Homestead Regulations.

All even-numbered sections of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which have not been homesteaded, reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over eighteen years of age, to the extent of one quarter-section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one to make the entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for an ordinary homestead entry; but for lands which have been occupied an additional fee of \$5.00 or \$10.00 is chargeable to meet cancellation or inspection and cancellation expenses.

Homestead Duties.

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in the following way, namely, by three years' residence and cultivation, during which time the settler may not be absent, without permission from the Minister of the Interior, more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

Application for Patent

should be made at the end of the three years, before the local agent, or the homestead inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. When, for convenience of the settler, application for patent is made before a homestead inspector, a fee of \$5.00 is chargeable.

Information.

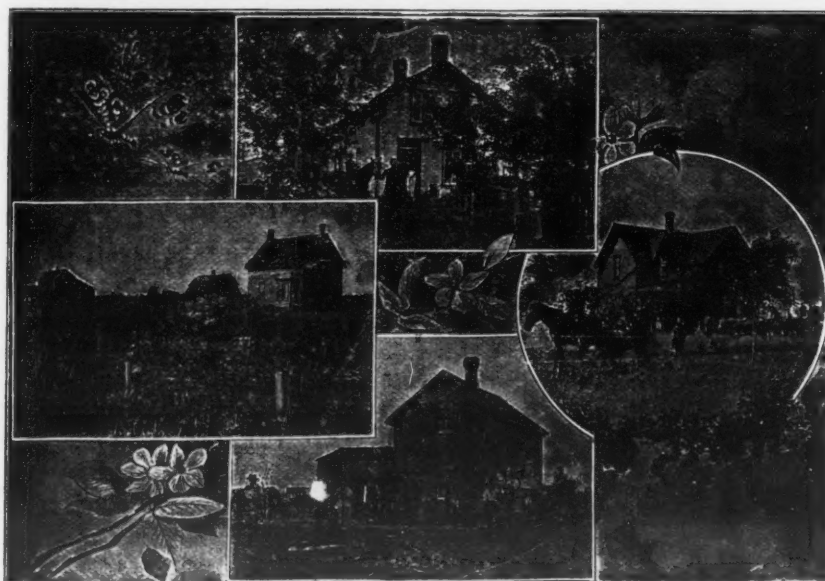
Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them; and full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these Regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-West Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms.

The
Greatest
Wheat
Growing
Country
in the
World



HOMES IN WESTERN CANADA.

Stock Raising
and other
Industries
of the
Farm
Equally
Profitable.

Quartz Claims.

Every person 18 years of age and over, but not under, and every joint stock company holding a Free Miner's Certificate, may obtain an entry for a mining location.

A Free Miner's Certificate is granted for one year and is not transferable. The fee for a Free Miner's Certificate for an individual is \$10.00; and for a Free Miner's Certificate to a joint stock company, from \$50.00 to \$100.00, according to the nominal capital of the company.

The holder of a Free Miner's Certificate who has discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim not exceeding 1,500 feet long by 1,500 feet wide, by marking it with two legal posts, one at each end, on the line of the lode, or vein, and marking out the line between them. Upon each post shall be marked the name of the claim, the name of the person locating and the date, and the number of feet lying to the right and left of the line.

The claim shall be recorded with the Mining Recorder of the District within which it is situated within 15 days after the location thereof, if located within 10 miles of the office of the Recorder; one additional day shall be allowed for such record for every additional 10 miles or fraction thereof. In the event of a claim being more than 100 miles from a Recorder's Office

and situated where other claims are being located, the Free Miners, not less than five in number, may appoint a Free Miner's Recorder; but if the latter fails within three months to notify the nearest Government Mining Recorder of his appointment, the claims which he may have recorded will be cancelled. The fee for recording a claim is \$5.00.

An expenditure of not less than \$100.00 per year must be made on the claim, or a like amount paid to the Mining Recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500.00 has been expended, or paid, in connection with the location, the locator may upon having a survey thereof made and upon complying with certain other requirements, purchase the land at the rate of \$5.00 per acre cash, but if the surface rights have already been disposed of, at \$2.00 an acre.

A location for the mining of iron, mica and copper not exceeding 160 acres in area may be granted provided that should any Free Miner obtain a location which subsequently is found to contain a valuable mineral deposit other than iron or mica, his right in such deposit shall be restricted to the area prescribed for other minerals, and the remainder of the location shall revert to the Crown.

The patent for a mining location shall reserve to the Crown forever whatever royalty may hereafter be imposed on the sales of the products of all mines therein, and the same royalty shall

be collected on the sales which may be made prior to the issue of the patent.

Placer Mining Regulations for the Yukon District.

Claims in this District are Creek, Gulch, River and Hill claims. They are 250 feet in length measured in the general direction of the Creek or River and from 100 feet to 2,000 feet in width according to the formation of the ground.

Claims are marked by two legal posts, one at each end. An entry for a claim must be obtained within 10 days if the location is within 10 miles of the Mining Recorder's office. One extra day is allowed for every additional 10 miles or fraction thereof. In the event of the claim being more than 100 miles from a Recorder's Office, the same rule applies as in the Quartz Mining Regulations for recording the claim.

The person or company who obtains an entry for a claim must hold a Free Miner's Certificate. Every alternate 10 claims is reserved to the Crown.

The discoverer of a claim is entitled to 500 feet in length. If the party consists of two discoverers, two claims may be granted amounting together to 1,000 feet in length. To each member of a party beyond two in number, a claim of the ordinary size only.

An entry fee of \$15.00 is charged. A royalty of 10 per cent. on the gold mined shall be levied and collected on the gross output of each claim. The sum of \$2,500.00 will be deducted from the gross annual output of the claim. The holder of a creek, gulch or river claim may within 60 days after staking out the claim obtain an entry for a hill claim adjoining it for the sum of \$100.00. This permission is also given to the holder of a creek, gulch or river claim who prior to January, 1898, obtained an entry therefor, provided the hill claim is available at the time an application is made therefor. No miner shall receive a grant of more than one mining claim in a mining district, the boundaries of which shall be defined by the Mining Recorder; but the same Miner may also hold a hill claim and any number of claims by purchase, and any number of Miners may unite to work their claims in common.

A claim shall be deemed to be abandoned when the same shall have remained unworked for three consecutive working days of 24 hours each, unless sickness or other reasonable cause be shown to the satisfaction of the Mining Recorder.

It shall not only be necessary for a person or company working a quartz or placer claim to hold a Free Miner's Certificate, but every person in his or its employment shall have a Free Miner's Certificate unexpired.

Placer Mining Regulations.

In Manitoba and the North-West Territories, not including the Yukon District, placer claims generally are 100 feet square, and an entry of \$5.00 is charged. The entry must be renewed each year. On the North Saskatchewan River claims are either Bar or Bench, the former being 100 feet long and extending from high to low water mark. The latter includes bar dig-

gings, but extends back from high water mark to the base of the hill or bank, but not exceeding 1,000 feet. Where steam power is used, claims 200 feet wide may be obtained.

The Regulations also provide that the lessee shall not interfere with free navigation of the river nor with the construction of roads, ways, bridges, drains, or other public works. It is also provided that the lessee shall not transfer a lease without the consent in writing of the Minister of the Interior.

Regulations Governing the Issue of Leases to Dredge for Minerals in the Beds of Rivers in the District of Yukon.

A Free Miner may obtain a lease of an unbroken extent of five miles of a river, but not more than six such leases will be issued in favor of an individual or company.

The lease shall be for a term of 20 years, renewable from time to time thereafter in the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The lessee's right of mining and dredging shall be confined to the submerged bed, or bars in the river below low water mark, that boundary to be fixed by its position on the 1st day of August in the year of the date of the lease.

The lease shall be subject to the rights of all persons who have received or who may receive entries for claims under the Placer Mining Regulations.

The lessee shall have at least one dredge in operation upon the five miles of river leased to him within two seasons from the date of the lease, but if he obtains more than one lease, one dredge for each 15 miles, or portions thereof, shall be held to be in compliance with this regulation.

The rental is \$100.00 per annum for each mile of river leased.

The lessee shall pay to the Crown a royalty of 10 per cent. on the output in excess of \$15,000.00 for each five miles of river lease; but the lessee under one lease shall not be entitled to the exemption as to royalty where the dredge or dredges used by him have been used in dredging by another lessee or in any case in respect of more than 30 miles.

The lessee is permitted to cut free of all dues on any land belonging to the Crown such timber as may be necessary for the purposes of his lease, but such permission shall not extend to timber which has been or may be granted to other persons or corporations.

The Regulations also provide that the lessee shall not interfere with free navigation of the river nor with the construction of roads, ways, bridges, drains, or other public works. It is also provided that the lessee shall not transfer a lease without the consent in writing of the Minister of the Interior.

Regulations Governing the Issue of Leases to Dredge for Minerals in the Submerged Beds of Rivers in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, Excepting the Yukon District.

A Free Miner can only obtain two leases of five miles each. The lease is for a term of 20 years, renewable from time to time thereafter in the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee's right is confined to the submerged bed or bars of the river below low water mark, and is also subject to the rights of all persons who have received or who may receive entries for bar diggings or bench claims.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one year from the date of the lease for each five miles leased to him. The rental is \$50.00 per annum for each dredge used. The lessee shall pay to the Crown a royalty of 2½ per cent. on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.00.

The lease provides that the lessee shall not interfere in any way with the navigation of the river or with any roads, ways, bridges, drains and other public works and improvements now existing or which may be made in the future.

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THE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
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The Mineral Wealth of Ontario.

The undeveloped resources of Ontario, by virtue of their variety and extent, constitute a reserve fund which guarantees the future prosperity of the Province, and ensures her a leading place for all time to come in the great British federation that controls the northern half of this continent. Among these assets her mineral wealth takes a prominent place. Both the precious metals and most of the useful ones are found in profusion, as well as a great variety of mineral substances valuable in the arts, of which full accounts are published at frequent intervals in the Reports of the Bureau of Mines, in this city.

To begin with gold: deposits of auriferous mispickel are found in Hastings county, though these arsenical ores are difficult to treat. Finds of free gold in quartz have been made round lake Wahnapiatae, along the north shore of lake Huron, and more recently in the Michipicoton district; but it is in the Lake of the Woods and Seine river regions that the gold industry of the Province has been most firmly established. Very many veins have been located over an extensive area, and a number of mines have got beyond the development stage and are steadily producing bullion. The ore bodies vary in their gold contents, but it now seems pretty certain that for the most part the gold ores of north-western Ontario are low in grade. On the other hand, they are almost wholly free-milling, and in many cases the deposits are of immense extent. Some of the veins now being worked approach, if they do not equal, in size and ease of working the famous Homestake mine of South Dakota and the Treadwell of Alaska, which have yielded their millions upon millions in dividends to their owners.

Silver mining has been a precarious industry in all parts of the world since the fall in the price of silver, but this year two or three of the richest mines in the Port Arthur district have again begun working. The ore taken out and treated since the re-opening has averaged about thirty-one ounces per ton.

Copper is found widely scattered over the Province from east to west. The most productive localities so far are the Sudbury and Bruce Mines districts. In the former the ore is associated with that of nickel, while in the latter it occurs as sulphides.

There are large and numerous deposits of iron ore in Ontario, both of magnetite and hematite. Considerable mining is now being done in the eastern part of the Province, whence the ore is shipped to the blast furnace at Hamilton, and the very extensive bodies on the Atik-ohan and Mattawin rivers and elsewhere in north-western Ontario are waiting only the railway outlet to market which they are likely soon to have.

Ontario is the unique possessor of nickel mines on the American continent, and she shares with the far-off island of New Caledonia the honor of supplying the world's requirements of this metal. Round Sudbury are extensive masses of pyrrhotite, carrying from two to three per cent. of nickel and an equal proportion of copper. A few of these bodies are being worked on a large scale.

The counties east of lake Huron and lake St. Clair are underlain by great beds of pure salt, some of them 130 feet thick, portions of which have been worked for thirty years. In the county of Lambton petroleum wells have been producing oil for a still longer time. Their output is now about 800,000 barrels per annum. In Essex and Welland are highly productive fields of natural gas, and gypsum mines are worked along the Grand river.

Mica—white, black and amber—phosphate of lime, talc, actinolite and graphite occur in workable quantities in the eastern counties of the Province. During 1897 and 1898 what are probably the largest deposits of corundum in the world have been discovered in Hastings and Renfrew counties. The mineral has been tested and found quite suitable for abrasive purposes, but it is hoped that it may be made available also as an ore of aluminium, being much richer in this metal than the substances from which it is at present produced. If these anticipations prove to be well founded, the latest addition to the mineral wealth of Ontario may turn out to be one of the most important.

Limestone for lime and building purposes, sandstone and granite also for building, marble, shale and clay for making common, pressed and paving brick, as well as pottery and terra cotta, baryta, pyrites and peat for fuel and moss litter (if peat can be properly called a mineral) hardly exhaust the long catalogue of Ontario's minerals. A beginning has been made in their utilization, but as yet by far the larger portion of Ontario's mineral wealth lies dormant in the bosom of the earth. Capital and skill are required for its development, and there is ample field for the profitable employment of both.

\$20,000
for
Eighty Cents!

FOR an annual, semi-annual or quarterly payment, equivalent to about 80 cents per day, the

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY, TORONTO

will pay to the heirs of any healthy middle-aged man or woman the sum of \$10,000 in twenty equal annual instalments and then \$10,000 in one lump sum.

The above method, besides providing insurance by a strong company at little more than half the usual premium, insures the heirs for twenty years against loss through bad investments.

Endowment policies will be written on the same principle.

It is no trouble for us to write you full particulars if you will send your age and address.

GEO. GOODERHAM,

PRESIDENT.

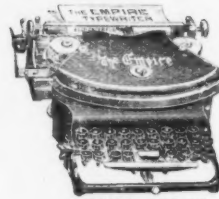
J. F. JUNKIN,

GENERAL MANAGER.

**SIMPLICITY
STRENGTH and
DURABILITY**

ARE COMBINED IN THE

"EMPIRE"



PRICE \$55.00

VISIBLE WRITING. UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

Unsurpassed by any high-priced machine in the market.

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Send for circular giving testimonials from leading firms.

Special free trial to responsible parties.

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WILD
ROSE
PERFUME.**

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Mr. W. CAVEN BARRON
London Conservatory of Music
TO
Mr. GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Manufacturer Canada's Premier Piano

MR. GERHARD HEINTZMAN submits with pleasure Mr. W. Caven Barron's unsolicited letter of praise regarding the pianos of his manufacture, and though for business reasons hard to be refused a change has been recently made in the make of instruments used in the London Conservatory, it affords Mr. Gerhard Heintzman still more pleasure to know that Mr. Barron's approval of his pianos was even more pronounced at the date of the change than when he wrote this letter.

MR. GERHARD HEINTZMAN,

MY DEAR SIR,—It is now five years since I bought some of your pianos for the "London Conservatory of Music," and during that time they have been used constantly—and very hard usage they have received too. I therefore desire to express to you my great admiration for the sterling worth of the "Gerhard Heintzman" piano. I consider it the most serviceable, best toned, and artistic piano I have used. I am especially delighted with the wear of the pianos. I find although the hammers are worn the tone remains almost the same—which shows me the piano is not "doctored" for tone quality, and sir, so long as your pianos are kept up to the present excellent standard—you may use my unqualified approval of your instruments.

This letter is written for the sake of "art," and entirely unsolicited by anyone.

Yours respectfully,

W. CAVEN BARRON.

All Persons Interested in the Purchase of a

PIANO

Are asked to read this extract from *Presto*, (a journal devoted to the interests of the music trade), under date of July 7th, 1898.

Mr. Heintzman states that, "Instead of disliking competition, when conducted upon legitimate principles, we approve of it because competition gives a zest and affords a wholesome stimulus to all concerned. Under these conditions if a competitor takes a fall out of us we can accept the situation sensibly and trust to the future for a reversion of luck. What we do resent, however, is 'a stab in the dark,' so to speak, and it is because of a stroke of this nature that we now write.

"Some eight years ago Mr. W. C. Barron, director of the London Conservatory of Music, visited Toronto for the purpose of buying several pianos for his institution. After a careful trial at the different piano warerooms, he selected one of our instruments. This proving entirely satisfactory, Mr. Barron from time to time, and as the growth of his conservatory demanded, bought others, until finally seven 'Gerhard Heintzman' pianos were doing duty in the institution, the last being purchased about three years ago. Recently, however, an exchange was made with a rival firm of piano manufacturers on practically the following terms:

"For the seven 'Gerhard Heintzman' upright pianos, varying from three to eight years old, our competitor supplies a larger number of perfectly new uprights, a grand, and agrees to give large monetary support in the form of advertising, etc.

"As already intimated, our competitor takes over the seven 'Gerhard Heintzman' pianos and in a specially malicious manner exhibits them to the utmost disadvantage before such customers as visit their warerooms.

"An interesting fact connected with the piano exchange is that Mr. Barron admitted to our representative who called on him that the 'Gerhard Heintzman' pianos were the superior instruments, but stated that the pecuniary advantage to be gained from the competitor was of such magnitude that he could not refuse their propositions.

"Summed up on these lines, which we are ready, if necessary, to prove in a Court of Inquiry, it looks as if our competitor is willing to do anything to injure a rival, the fame of whose pianos has grown to eclipsing proportions.

"Such efforts are sure to recoil upon themselves. Apart from personal interest, however, we feel it to be a matter of regret that tactics were adopted by our competitor which may establish a precedent that if followed must have a hurtful result not only to the Canadian piano trade, but also to the individual purchaser."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

...CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1898...



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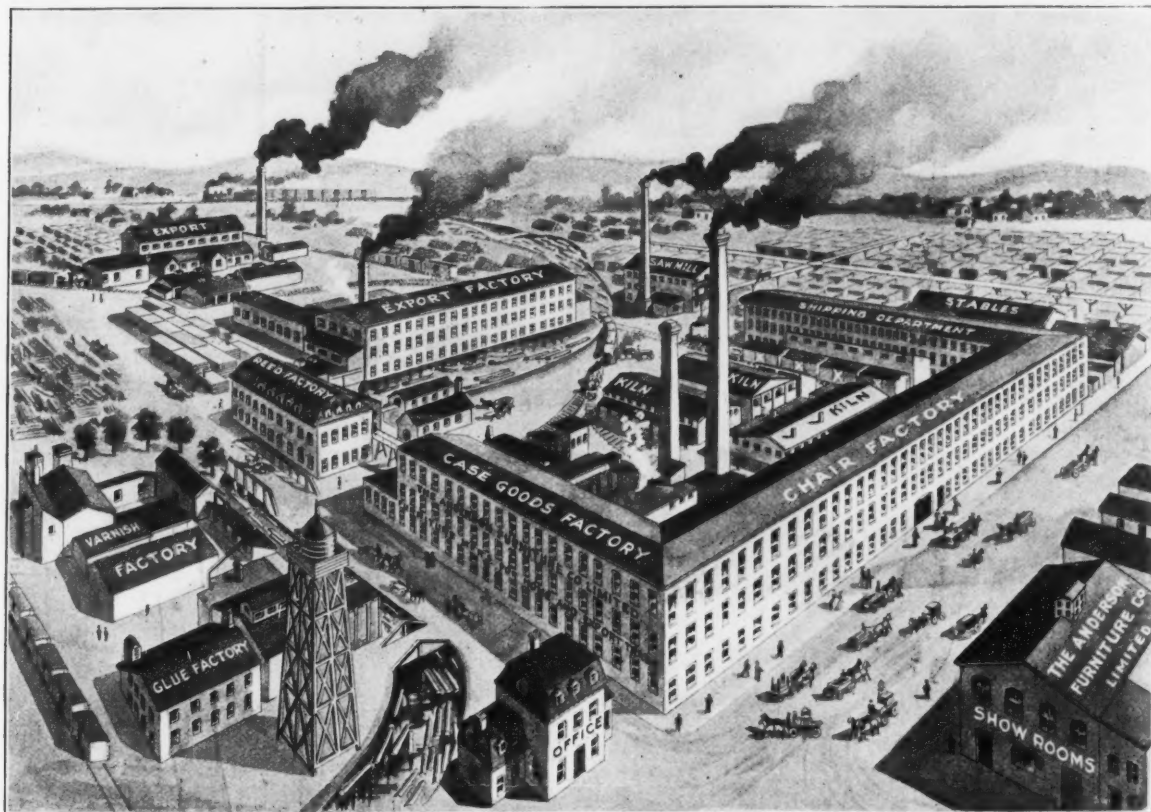
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UNLESS you have had some recent reason for looking at the map

of Latin America you may have forgotten that Guatemala is the most populous, richest, most northerly and salubrious of the Central American republics; that Mexico and British Honduras surround nearly half of

its territory on the east, north and west, leaving perhaps a hundred miles

of coast on the Mar de las Antillas and about two hundred miles on the Pacific shore, while to the south-east lie the republics of Salvador and Honduras. In this area a million and a half of population find ample space for agriculture and revolutions; two-thirds of them are Indians, the majority of the remainder, half-breeds, with about twenty per cent. of whites and mixtures which pass as white. For the better understanding of what will be related further on, let it be remembered that there is a great variety of climates, owing to the difference in altitude between almost contiguous departments and occasionally in the same department, thus making possible the marvelous variety of products. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts, which lie low, form the *tierra caliente*, or torrid zone; the table lands, which attain a height of from two hundred to five thousand feet above the sea level, form the *tierra templada*, or temperate zone, whose climate is healthy and agreeable at all times of the year; the *altos*, or highlands, comprise a half a dozen of the northern departments, including Quezaltenango and San Marcos, which, separated by the Rio Naranjo, come almost to a point on the Pacific coast, east of the Mexican border. Some of these highland departments reach an altitude of over five thousand feet, and though they are called the *tierra fría*, or cold zone, they are not cold as it is understood in Canada, but furnish some of the best soil and climate for coffee-growing that is to be found in the world.

In December of last year, after coasting for nearly thirty days from Valparaiso northward, I was on board the Pacific Mail steamer when she dropped her anchor off San Jose de Guatemala, and I had the delightful experience of clinging to the edge of a tub-like affair made out of half of a cask, and being swung overboard and dropped with a thump into a scow-like outfit known as a lighter. My baggage had been put overboard in advance of my coming, and with great thoughtfulness the Indian boatman had put my hat-box and

dressing-case where they would break the concussion of the tub when it struck the bottom of the lighter, much to the disadvantage, however, of my articles of personal adornment. The steamer lay in an open roadstead, rocking heavily in the swell.

The steerage passengers who were landing had already been huddled together at one end of the lighter, the rocking of which felt very much like that of a swing in full motion. The big scow was unfortunately so deep that the seasick peons could not lift their

faces over its side, and before the fussy comandante permitted us to start for the shore, the baggage and the passengers seemed to have mingled together into a somewhat startling yet melancholy gastric exhibit. At the iron pier it cost us two dollars and a half apiece to be hauled up in another tub and permitted to obtain possession of our personal effects, which were conveyed to the custom house, where I had the good fortune to be treated with the greatest possible courtesy. The charge is made for landing and the use of the pier, which is an exceedingly good thing for the monopoly which owns it, inasmuch as their tariff is nearly as great for freight passing over it as the steamship company's charge for carrying the same freight to San Francisco or Panama.

The seventy-five mile ride from San Jose to Guatemala, the capital, takes nearly all day, and through the dense forests and underbrush upon the lowlands the heat and dust were overwhelming. As we climbed upwards, fruits and sandy-looking fragments of chicken were offered at the car windows by women, young and old, whose attire was picturesque if not plentiful. Gaily striped blankets, reaching a little below their knees, were wound tightly around their thighs and kept in position by a scarf fastened about their waists. Little sleeveless cotton jackets, not much more extensive than a bib, left a very conspicuous and brown-tinted discrepancy between their lower margin and the scarf-bound waist. Perhaps the fashion is not much more immodest than a *decollé* ball-dress, but it must be admitted that the revelations of the personal figure were not such as would be considered conventional in more northern climes. These Indian women, however, when resident in their little villages are reputed to be virtuous and well behaved, though it is said that town life has the not unusual effect of making them quickly forget their early traditions. Some of the faces are rather pretty, and though short of stature, their upright carriage gives them a strong and graceful poise, such as is to be found in every country where burdens are carried upon the head.

As the afternoon grew older we stopped for luncheon at Escuintla and skirted the shores of Lake Amatitlan, nearly four thousand feet above the sea level. The lake is nine miles long and three miles wide, and every few yards one might see the stones on the shore worn smooth by the washings the women bring from the huts and the haciendas near by. Long, narrow dugouts are fastened amidst the bushes, and in the soft



light of the December afternoon fishermen could be seen lazily punting or paddling about.

After eighteen miles of grazing lands and little fields we were five thousand feet above the sea and in Guatemala City, which has about seventy thousand population, street cars, and many modern evidences of progress, not including a good hotel. However, as it is not the purpose of this narrative to any more than afford a glance at the country sufficient to make the recital intelligible, let us pass the many novel and interesting sights of the weeks that followed, to the *noche buena*, or Christmas Eve, which gave me the idea that a story of real life in Guatemala might perhaps be more interesting than fiction.



CHAPTER II.

MY FRIEND OF THE MIDNIGHT MASS.



IN the voices of the bells that summoned the worshippers of Guatemala to midnight mass at Plaza de Armas there was but little gentleness or joy. The band had ceased playing in the plaza; the keepers of little stalls beneath the colonnades, which, with the front of the cathedral, formed two sides of the square, had locked up their poor little wares or wearily borne them homeward. A few worshippers were still climbing the high steps or loitering on the great platform by the cathedral door, as the hour

before midnight was half spent and mass began which was to usher in the feast commemorating the birth of Christ. But few lights but those from the altar shone over the sea of kneeling worshippers, whose gay blankets and bright rebosas but half concealed the dark faces and sun-baked arms. There were but few of the rich, the powerful or the well dressed bending before the cross, for it was late, and the men of Guatemala are not devout, nor are they in favor of having their women keep late hours, even at church. The thousands who knelt had toiled hard all day, and, unaccustomed as they were to be out of bed at such an hour, they slumbered as they knelt. In the shadow of the

pillars which support the dome I struggled between the worshippers until the altar was but a few yards away, and from this point of vantage I could see almost every face. In repose the face of every Latin-American woman is sad, and the dark eyes are full of a pathos, the meaning of which can seldom be discovered in their lives. The poor have little but their gaily striped skirt and their rebosa; their food is meagre and plain, but their wants are few, the climate has no terrors, and even the forests and the wilds, except in the remote parts, are not infested with dangerous beasts or reptiles. Their sadness appears to be constitutional, and the shadows that lurk beneath their heavy, dark eye-lashes seem to have come from other days, perhaps from other worlds.

The lips of all these kneeling figures whisper sacred words, and their bare arms are uplifted as they make the sign of the cross, then gradually they all sink forward and seem to sleep till a sign runs from one to the other, and again they lift their faces and prepare for the next responses. It almost seemed as if they had sentinels appointed to keep awake and to stir up the others at the proper time, so universal was the sleeping and so prompt and general was each awakening. Of course the mass is the same in every land, but in every place it is not equally well said, nor is the singing so beautiful in one place as it may be in another. Though there may have been defects and lack of gravity amongst those who ministered at the altar, and very serious defects amongst those who sang, yet the scene was one never to be forgotten. With my arm thrown around a pillar and leaning forward, that nothing of this weird scene might escape me, I unconsciously bent over a woman whose face was covered with her mantilla. Though two of the children kneeling by her tried to touch her face with their sympathetic hands when her sobs were intermingled with her responses, another, who seemed to be her daughter, had the figure of a woman, but neither singing nor prayer seemed to affect the foolish coquetry of her face and manner. She plucked my coat and touched my hand, and as I looked down at her,



QUEZALTENANGO—LARGE CENTRAL HOUSE TO LEFT IS THE APARICIO MANSION.

her great eyes were full of invitation, which both the hour and the occasion combined to make startling and repulsive. I moved a few paces away, but without rising from her knees she followed, and the crowd was too dense for me to escape till the service was over. As she rose to go she caught my arm, but as gently as I could I disengaged myself and told her to help her mother, who still knelt and wept. As I crowded past the pillar my face came almost against the face of a man who must have been watching me. He apologized in Spanish, but for a moment I was too startled to make response, and believing that he had not been understood he repeated his words in English.

"Permit me, señor. I make thousand excuse to you, señor, that I seem to watch you with rudeness. I not it mean, señor, to be without ze politeness, but I was in ze *chiquita pobre* so much conserin. She is not have everyting right of her head, señor, and her mother beneath her mantilla was weep and so much pray zat she not see ze por seeng I fear—"

"What did you fear, señor?" I asked, somewhat impatiently.

"She ees beautiful of ze face and ze feegur, señor, and I say ze stranger might zeenk to tak her wiz heem. Ah, señor, and she would go, for she not un'stan' zat eet ees ver bad sing—but you a jantleman who not tek opportunity of ze por seeng, I my moch more excuse, señor. *Buenas noches.*"

The crowd held us together till we reached the door and started down the steps.

"May I have ze honor of ze walk to ze hotel with señor? The streets are ver dark and eet ees late. I at ze same hotel, have my apartments—ze Paris Hotel, am I not? I make my arrival in ze morning, señor."

I was glad to have company and began the conversation by asking him where he lived.

"At Quezaltenango, señor, in *los altos*. I come to ze capital wecz my friend, ze German man, who haf ze apartment next of yours."

"Your friend seems greatly distressed about something," I ventured.

"Ah, sí, señor; sí, señor. He ees ver much broken of ze heart, *muy triste*, señor—*muy triste*. He haf moch afflictions and mak ze loss of all hees moneys. Hees friend was also keeled in ze same time Juanito Aparicio was murder by ze presidente."

"Murdered?" I exclaimed.

"S-s-s-s, señor. Speak not so loud; I spik with my heart and not with ze control of my head. But ze señor weel not repeat ze expression so unfortunement, or my *esposa* will also weep for me who have been keeled."

I assured him that I was not addicted to gossip, and was absolutely neutral as far as the politics of Guatemala were concerned, but he would talk no more. The bar of the hotel was still open and he insisted that I should drink with him and promise over our glasses that I would not repeat his foolish accusation of the President. As we drifted into the crowded and noisy room, the gentleman from Quezaltenango seized his German friend, upon whom misfortune and drink had produced a mixed mood of savageness and loquacity. As I was introduced, Zollinger at once remarked with pointed unfriendliness that he understood that I was in Guatemala on business with the Government, and immediately my acquaintance, whose name was said to be Pinalto, took fresh alarm.

"Fool zat I am," he gasped, catching his cloak in tragic fashion.

"Hello, Zollinger, what's all this row about? Not talking politics with my Canadian friend, are you, Pinalto?" cried a hearty voice as a great burly fellow threw his arms around us all and nearly bumped our heads together.

"Ah, Bennett, you great bear, let go of us," snapped Zollinger, pushing the big railway contractor away from us. "Piño, the darn fool, has been blowing himself off, as usual, without knowing with whom he was talking, and now he is trying to have a fit."

"You needn't be afraid, Piño; you are in good hands," whispered Bennett; "but come away out of this or you will put your foot—or your tongue—in it. Come up to my rooms."

Zollinger still looked suspicious, and Pinalto despairing, but Bennett

pushed us all ahead of him up the stair and along the hall to his room, which also happened to be next to mine. "Have a cigar, Zollinger; you, Piño, take a drink, and don't look as if you were going to be shot at dawn. Señor Canada, take both a drink and a smoke and make yourself comfortable in that big chair."

He turned the key in the lock, closed a green baize door which made eavesdropping impossible, and stood with his hands in his pockets surveying us with an expression so stern that I began to think I had run up against something serious.

"Piño, you unutterable ass," he began deliberately, and the little man wilted before him. "You will never be contented till the President sends you out and has you bored full of holes, but fortunately for your skin if you have been doing some more fool talking you need not be afraid of this gentleman, if you have confined your blab to him. He is not a spy and his business with the Government has nothing to do with anything that happened in Quezaltenango."

"What do you know about him?" demanded Zollinger.

"More than I do about you, my Teutonic friend. I'll vouch for him with my life, and that ought to be enough, for I've been fool enough to do that for you."

The German's face softened and he extended his hand and grasped mine. "Pardon me," said he sadly, "I have been deceived so often that I am not quick to respond to strangers. Do not think I have

much to lose, because I am so suspicious. I have nothing, nothing—except one little thing, and that is my life. I shall not part with that till I have the life of the man who robbed me and assassinated my friend—then they can take mine and be damned to them, for I will be even."

Bennett watched Zollinger with sombre eyes, and little Pinalto, with his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, ground his teeth and vowed that it must be his hand, not Zollinger's, which should strike the blow.

"These are a pair of exceedingly bloodthirsty gentlemen," remarked Bennett, with a mirthless laugh. "Would you like to hear their story?"

Of course I was eager to hear a recital, a few hints of which had made me see visions of homicides, both past and future, and I solemnly promised not to repeat a word of it while I was in Guatemala, or while it could do an injury to anyone concerned.

"If Bennett sees fit to release you after Piño and I are dead—as we shall be before very long—and he is out of the country, I shall be glad to



"THEY STOOD HIM ON THE STEPS OF A CHURCH AND SHOT HIM LIKE A DOG."



JUAN APARICIO, HIS WIFE DOLORES (WITH MANTILLA), CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.



AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE—CHILDREN AND SERVANTS OF JUAN APARICIO.

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THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

have the truth known," said Zollinger thoughtfully, "for a history of more damnable treachery, cruelty and wholesale murder cannot be told of any of even these revolutions—even in any of the other cursed Latin-American republics from here to Patagonia—or to hell for that matter, for there's where they all end."

It was in this wise that I heard the story of the killing of Juan Aparicio, and as I am the sole survivor of those who sat in that dimly lighted room till Christmas dawn, I am breaking no vow when I repeat what I heard.

CHAPTER III.

OSCAR ZOLLINGER'S STORY.



WERE you ever in Quezaltenango? No! It was the home of Juanito Aparicio, of Piño here, and myself. I shall not bore you with my troubles, or Piño's; they were sore enough and all of Barrios' making, before the little devil killed Juanito. Piño tells me you saw that half-silly girl in the cathedral to-night; he caused that, curse him, and got her, poor fool, to betray her sister to him. When she tried to kill him she was murdered and left me without the wife who was to have been mine. Yes, and left Piño here to take the place of his brother—her father—who, too, was killed.

You saw the mother! Is it a wonder she weeps and prays, and crosses herself, and wonders when we shall finish the story of —" Zollinger's voice fell and he sat gazing at the ashes of his cigar as if lost in thought.

"But she mattered nothing," he exclaimed, rousing himself from his reverie. "I started to tell you about Juanito Aparicio—my friend, everybody's friend—who was killed, and over seven hundred of whose friends were afterwards killed that that strutting little tiger might keep himself covered with feathers and gold braid, and continue to himself the title of president till somebody kills him, like the reptile he is."

"Keep to your story, Oscar, and let our Canadian friend judge for



THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PRESENTS.

himself," said Bennett quietly. "Begin at last spring when the 'Little Man' issued his manifesto."

"You see," explained Zollinger with a bitter sneer as he pronounced the name, "General Jose Maria Reyna Barrios, who then was nothing but a little squint and a fugitive in the United States, was brought back to seize the Presidency his uncle had recently held, and was elected for six years on March 1st, 1892. When his time was nearly up he issued a manifesto saying he did not want to be re-elected and hoping that the election would be conducted constitutionally, and all that sort of rot. The vain little cut-throat thought everybody was so deeply in love with him that there would be no opposition. General Prospero Morales, who had been Minister of War and was known to be as unscrupulous and bloodthirsty a scoundrel as Barrios himself, declared himself a candidate, and the little man's fat was all in the fire—"

"Get down to Juanito or you'll never get done," interrupted Bennett impatiently.

"I can't tell the thing as it was," snapped Zollinger, "unless I follow the whole cursed business from the beginning."

"Let him go on and tell it his own way," I asked. "I have heard much about these revolutions and I should like to get at the heart of one which makes such an intensely gory Christmas morning tale as this promises to be."

"Juan Aparicio, who was one of the richest, and certainly the most popular, men in Guatemala," continued the German, "had never taken any part in politics and was foolish enough to take Barrios at his word. Thinking the little beast was not a candidate, as he had said, he was alarmed at the prospect of his personal enemy, Morales, getting the office. You know a president can ruin anybody in this country if he likes, and as Aparicio was rich and knew Morales would not spare him, he cast about him for someone to oppose the only candidate who appeared to be in sight. Just then Fuentes, a brother-in-law of Barrios, presented himself, and Aparicio hastened to offer him his support, though, as it afterwards turned out, Fuentes was even a worse enemy than Morales. Fuentes was in San Marcos, the state between Quezaltenango and Mexico, and Aparicio's declaration brought the whole of the richest



DRAWING-ROOM IN APARICIO'S HOUSE.



POWER HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAIN WHERE APARICIO WAS CONCEALED.

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and most populous district outside of the department of Guatemala into Fuentes' camp, for the people there all swore by their friend, Juanito.

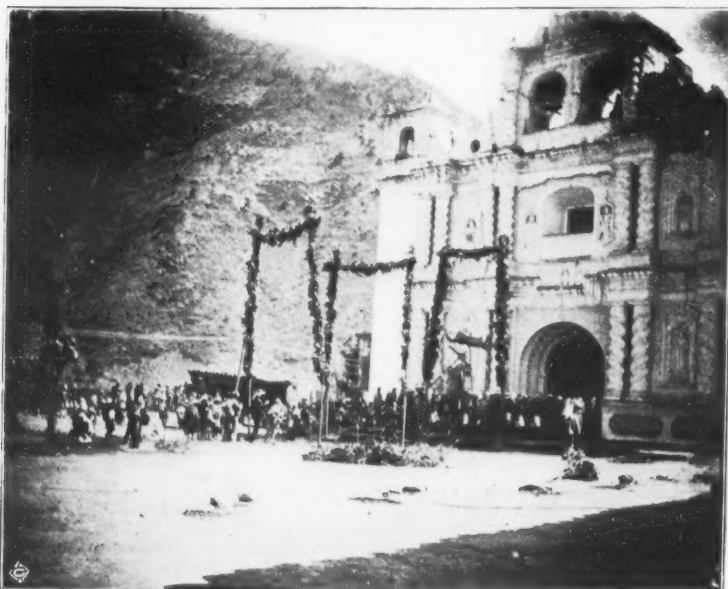
"Barrios heard of this, at once sent for Aparicio and upbraided him for his desertion of his cause, for remember, Juanito was an intimate friend of the President. Aparicio was astounded and explained that he thought Barrios had intended to retire. The little intriguer raged and swore that no one but his enemy would have accepted what everybody of sense knew had been said for nothing but effect. Aparicio, entreating to be given an opportunity of showing his loyalty, promised at once to withdraw his allegiance from Fuentes and support Barrios. The double-dyed traitor accepted his promise, embraced him as his dearest friend, and sent him back to Quezaltenango, a hundred and twenty miles away, satisfied that everything was satisfactorily arranged. But it wasn't—not by a damned sight.

"Aparicio wrote to Fuentes withdrawing his promise and explaining his mistake, and then the conspiracy took on a new shape. Fuentes, as everyone now believes, at first was nothing but a tool of Barrios put up to start a revolution in the West to offset the candidature of Morales in the East. He was to get, so it is said, \$150,000 to do this dirty work, and then desert his friends and quit. After he secured the support of Aparicio he saw he had a good thing and determined to play Barrios false and seize the presidency himself. This being the case, he did not propose to let so valuable an ally get away from him, and sent some of his friends to Quezaltenango to induce Aparicio to visit him. These perfidious friends told Juanito that he should go to San Marcos and make a personal explanation to Fuentes of his desertion of his cause. This he did, like the honest, generous, kindly soul he was. Of course Fuentes tried in vain to change his determination, but the fact of his visit was reported to Barrios, accompanied by a rumor that he had again promised to support Fuentes. This was followed by a visit to Barrios from Fuentes, who demanded more money to play traitor, as he now claimed Aparicio behind him and that he could be president if he stuck to his revolution. It is said that Barrios paid him another hundred thousand, but with the understanding that he should stay in the field long enough to bring about the assassination of Aparicio, whose possible rivalry would then be forever removed.

"You know how Barrios declared himself dictator and the two revolutions sprang up under Fuentes in the West and Morales in the East. Quezaltenango took no part, but at once Aparicio, who had been warned, fled and hid himself at the power-house of the Electric Light Company in the adjacent mountains. But treachery was still further waiting for him. His nearest friend, who knew where he was, telephoned to him to come home, where he would be perfectly safe, as his absence was creating the suspicion that he had gone to join Fuentes. Poor Juanito! We always called him Juanito—it would be Johnny in Eng-



BREAKFAST ROOM IN APARICIO'S HOUSE.



FUNERAL LEAVING THE CHURCH.

lish—because we loved him so and he seemed to be everybody's brother. He was arrested at his friend's door and thrown into the artillery barracks. There he was told if he paid a fine of \$15,000 and changed \$10,000 more of paper money into silver he would be released. All his money had been hidden on his estates, but though he got enough to pay the demand he was kept in prison and no one permitted to see him, not even a priest or Dolores, his heart-broken wife—"

"No," broke in Piño, "nor his children, for I observe zem weeping like zey would die at ze gate—Pancho en Carlos en Eduardo en Julia—all leetle ones, ze most old not more as feeften."

"Ah, but they were brave, Piño—and Dolores! what a wife was she, so sweet, so gentle, but so strong, though her cheeks were wet with tears. The people would have torn down the barracks at a word from her, but they did not believe that her husband would be harmed. This was on the 9th of September, wasn't it, Piño? and Fuentes started to move his troops from San Juan towards Quezaltenango. Perhaps that white-livered renegade had some twinge of his rotten conscience, perhaps not, but the order came from the President that the first shot fired by a revolutionist would be the signal for the shooting of Aparicio by the troops."

"Ah, zat was hell," moaned Piño: "we knew we could him not mak safe from ze leetle tigre."

"It was evening and *pobrecita* Dolores, with no one but her

coachman, set out for San Juan to beg Fuentes not to fire a shot and thus afford an excuse for killing her husband—"

"And he mak ze promise," cried Piño, springing to his feet; "he mak ze prom—"

"Keep still, Piño," said Zollinger, his young face dark and set. "She rode through the mountains in the night alone! Think of it, señor, alone! And the country in a state of revolution! She would accept no escort lest a shot might be fired! Think, too, señor, that all this time poor Juanito's death had been determined on, no matter what happened, and he the only innocent man of them all."

"Was nothing done in Guatemala City to save him?" I asked. "He seems to have had many friends here."

"Treachery, black treachery, again!" groaned Zollinger. "Dr. Aparicio, his uncle, took with him to the President all the leading bankers, merchants and citizens of Guatemala and implored the tiger to do no harm to Juanito. Barrios scowled and declared Aparicio was a traitor—traitor," laughed the German harshly. "Think you, could a man be a traitor to that usurper, the dictator, who had robbed the country and raised forced loans from the banks? However, he ultimately promised that Aparicio should not be harmed. Dr. Aparicio, before withdrawing, asked, 'Do you give us your word of honor that Juanito Aparicio's life shall be spared?' and the black-hearted murderer pledged his honor that it should."

"This sounded well, but we all feared that Barrios was lying, as he had so often lied before. Back through the mountains came poor Dolores from San Juan, where it is said she suffered indignities, but nothing availed—"

Bennett was lying on the lounge, his hat pulled over his eyes. Piño's face was buried in his hands; Zollinger was staring into space and his words came slowly.

"It was on the 13th of September, wasn't it, Piño?"

"I know not, *amigo*," sobbed the poor man from the folds of his cloak; "I remember ze cry coom op ze plaza about noon, 'Aparicio es matado'—"

"Yes, about noon," continued Zollinger, his voice cold and steady; "it was on the 13th. They took him out of the *artilleria*, stood him up on the steps of the church across the street and shot him like a dog, without a priest to say a word of peace or a friend to close his eyes."

"Ah, but what happened then?" demanded Bennett unsteadily. "Tell what the people did."

"They rose as one man, señor," cried Zollinger, jumping to his feet, with Piño beside him, "and attacked the barracks. Hundreds, five or six hundreds were killed, and many soldiers too, but the walls were torn down and the place taken, when it was heaped with dead. We found him, señor, where he had been thrown—thrown, señor, like a dog—and over him were piled the corpses of those who killed him."

Zollinger poured out a drink from the decanter and pushed it over to his comrade. "Take one, Piño, and we'll drink our toast and go to bed. Here to the death of our enemy!"

"Good night, señor; our lives are in your hands. Good night, Bennett."

"Buenas noches, señores."

Bowing gravely they went out as the light of the Christmas morning began to gleam between the shutters, and I saw them no more.



OSCAR ZOLLINGER.
not killed him, but him again, in the second instance hitting Barrios in the mouth and perforating his brain. The assassin ran, presumably for the Mexican legation, but a policeman blew his whistle and as he crossed an open street before reaching the Mexican residence a police-

man hit him a fierce blow on the forehead with his baton. The blow was one which anyone might have got who was running after a policeman's whistle had sounded. In that particular instance the blow was a timely one. A number of those who were following Zollinger, in a very half-hearted way it is said, when they found him down emptied their revolvers into his body. The corpse was conveyed to the police headquarters, and it is said the heart, preserved in a jar of spirits, was sent to the friends of Aparicio. If Zollinger had escaped immediate punishment for his deed it is quite probable he would have been made one of the heroes of the republic, for it is said wreaths were hung about his name on the streets in many parts of Guatemala for weeks afterwards.

The first revolution of Prospero Morales and that of Fuentes ended after the latter had deserted his army and fled to Mexico. The President then being able to turn his attention to the ex-Minister of War made short work of him and he fled to San Salvador. After the assassination of Barrios, Morales returned and headed a new revolution, and taking advantage of the disaffection caused by the killing of Juan Aparicio he made his headquarters in the southwest in the departments of Quezaltenango and San Marcos. The United States, German and British Ministers requested the captain of the British cruiser *Leander*, lying at Ocosingo, to prevent General Morales from destroying the coffee crop which was lying in the warehouses and on the wharves. I am told by a friend who was not very far away at the time that the captain landed and interviewed the insurgent leader, who met him on the wharf and was promptly kicked off the place. This was not a very diplomatic but a very dangerous expedient, as it is said that the wharf was heavily mined with dynamite, but it was so prompt that though opportunity might have been found to set off the explosives, within thirty minutes



IX-PRESIDENT BARRIOS.

a couple of hundred British marines had left the *Leander* and were ashore, the insurgents were driven out, and General Prospero Morales concealed in a cave in the mountains. It is said he was dying; at any rate the Government troops saw that he was dead before he reached any city where he could be tried.

Thus within a year every leader who was concerned in the revolution and contributed to the assassination of Juan Aparicio, excepting Fuentes, who fled to Mexico, was dead, together with the avengers of Morales. I have not over-stated the love that the people bore to Juanito Aparicio. Had he been so inclined he could have been not only the President of the republic, but the father of it. When he was killed he was but little over forty years of age. His father and brothers are wealthy merchants in New York, and it was either his sister or his aunt who was the wife of General Rufino Barrios, the uncle of the man who, it is charged, had him killed, and a former President of Guatemala, who died as presidents generally do die there. She is now the Marchioness of Vistabella of Spain and said to be one of the handsomest women in the world.

No art has been employed in telling the story, which depends entirely upon its extraordinary intrigues and retributions for its interest, and as the writer of it I can only say that the relation of details, as I promised a friend to relate them, has been rather an embarrassing feature of the recital, though of course I, as a stranger in the country, do not vouch for any statement made.

AUTHOR.

THE TYPE USED IN THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER . . .

MILLER & RICHARD have now in stock a full line of their extra hard metal Scotch Body Type (from six to twelve point) cast on the American Point System. This letter will last about twice as long as any other, and give better satisfaction in every respect. Scotch type is ten per cent. lighter than ordinary letter. One hundred pounds of it will set as many "ems" as one hundred and ten pounds of any other make. Where other foundries use lead, they use antimony and tin—lighter and more durable metals. Any printer that has ever used Miller & Richard's celebrated Scotch Type will willingly testify to its general excellence, superior finish and extraordinary durability. Send for estimates and copy of new Specimen Book and Price List.

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BRIDES

Portraits and Captions:

- Top Left:** Mrs. Albert Webb
- Top Center (Oval):** Miss Alix Macdonald
- Top Right:** Mrs. W. M. Douglas
- Middle Right:** Miss Nellie Catham
- Bottom Left (Profile):** Mrs. W. Harvey Lee
- Bottom Left (Oval):** Miss Olive Muriel Scanlon
- Bottom Center:** Mrs. M. Ross Gooderham
- Bottom Center (Oval):** Miss Charlotte Taylor
- Bottom Right:** Mrs. A. W. Barnard
- Bottom Right:** Miss Anna Coldham
- Bottom Right:** Miss Berta M. Bruce
- Bottom Right:** Mrs. G. T. C. Pemberton
- Bottom Right:** Mrs. Sigmund Samuel
- Bottom Right:** Miss Maye Mandelson

Poem:

Mid breath of orange flowers
And shimmer of satin and lace
With June Sun or April showers,
Or winter's Kiss on her face.

BRIDES OF THE YEAR



Mrs. J. Edmond Jones & Miss E. Florence Hope



Mrs. G. S. Cartwright & Miss Katie Stevenson



Mrs. S. R. Graham & Miss Mabel Coulter



Mrs. G. C. Burnett & Miss Millie Ferguson



Miss A. Grammam & Miss Gertrude Mackenzie

She comes! let the wide world greet her,
 And wish her long days, and fair
 For there's nothing we know that's
 Nor lovelier anywhere. *sweeter*
 Ring out the bells in triumph.
 Sing white-robed singers in tune



For the bride who weds in December
 For the bride who weds in June,
 Fling open the rose-hung portal
 Set the gate of happiness wide,
 If the whole world loves the lover
 It kisses the feet of the bride



Mrs McWhinney

Miss Maude Thomson



Mrs Eade Chadwick

Miss Flossie Kemp



Mrs S Alfred Jones

Miss Emilie Crowe



have sprung up to change so much the appearance of the fairest Canadian city, making its architectural features correspond in some measure with its natural beauties of tree-lined avenues, ample parks, broad bay, and its famous island dedicated to music and mirth. Beggs, the stonecutter, most skilful of his craft, had hung eight hours a day for weeks on rope platforms, or stood perilously on window-sills working his little chisel—the alone being entrusted with the delicate task of facing the ornamental stonework. As he toiled diligently seventy feet from the ground, men paused to watch him work, so small on the large face of the pile.

The stonecutter, however, was a hard-headed reasoner and one who pondered bitterly on the wrongs of the multitude. Why should he have to work so hard, year after year, with no prospect of bettering his condition? Why should he, strong and skilful, be always in terror of not being able to find work to do? Work is hard enough, but the lack of it is the real curse. From where he stood he saw the proud faces of a dozen noble buildings that he had helped to build—great temples of finance, law, commerce—but though he had done his share in building them he had no part in them now. He and his kind had built those temples, and when they had done, and their wives and mothers had scrubbed and washed away the lime and dust, along had come that other half of mankind and entered into possession—men with silk hats, gloved hands; smiling, bowing men, who came in style to their "work" at ten in the morning, went to club for lunch, played again at their so-called work for an hour and went off to their homes at four o'clock. Beggs smiled evilly as his mind complained thus, and his mallet struck viciously his trusted chisel, which glanced in alarm on receiving false strokes.

For three days aloft, alone, in the hot sun, Beggs had been turning over these bitter thoughts as he worked on the window-stones around the corner of the topmost story. Eight feet away, and directly opposite in the adjoining building, was the open window of a solicitor's office, and against this unconscious lawyer, whose favorite attitude and occupation seemed to be with his feet on his desk to read the daily papers, the warring soul of the labor problem centered its enmity. Beggs reduced the question to simple form: Why should he toil in the sun and gain nothing, while the solicitor lolled in his luxurious office and grew rich?

His rude wrestlings for years with questions of social economy had left him irreconcilably at war with the non-producing classes, and as he worked he glanced constantly across the gap between the two buildings into the open window of the solicitor's office, whose occupant gave no thought to the workman a few feet away. Even this annoyed Beggs, who took it as a sign of the contempt in which he was held by the so-called upper classes. Carrying on a mental argument with the lawyer he routed him completely and grew indignant as he drove his unwitting antagonist from pillar to post, until, finally, with an angry word, he laid down his tools and looked squarely and defiantly across the chasm into the window opposite.

The lawyer was not seated with his heels on the desk, as was his constant custom, but had been writing and had now crossed the room and passed through a door.

"I'll go over and shove the facts under his nose," said Beggs, who

now saw with almost an insane eye how hugely unjust life is, and felt that the whole quarrel between the masses and classes had been reduced to a simple issue between the stonecutter toiling in the sun and the lawyer jolling in his office—both alone and seventy feet from the ground.

His strong arms upraised a plank from the scaffolding, which, with his left arm twined around one of the uprights, he let down slowly until it rested on the lawyer's window. Through force of habit he tried the security of this bridge with one foot, and then quickly stepped across and into the room. Glancing about, his eye comprehended the easy-chairs, sofa, book-shelves, pictures on the walls, and then (force of habit again) his hand, unbidden of his mind, plucked off his cap. The flesh of the man thus showed that involuntary deference to the elegance of the apartment which his spirit did not mean to acknowledge to its occupant.

He stepped firmly enough to the middle of the floor, but the carpet gave no sound, and then out stepped the lawyer—not from another room, as Beggs had expected, but from a vault. Thus both were, in a measure, taken by surprise. The stonecutter had not supposed that the lawyer was a pale man, but he *was* quite pale and agitated. He brought from the vault a leather-covered box, which he promptly slammed shut and put behind his back.

"What do you want?" he demanded after a startled moment.

"Don't be alarmed," replied Beggs. "I am not come to rob you, although it would serve you right if I did rob you, and thrash you too."

The lawyer was a well built man of average height, about forty years of age, and had a pair of intensely sharp gray eyes. On hearing Beggs' reply his agitation began quickly to disappear, and with a keen look at the man who threatened him, he laid the box on the table and answered him.

"What do you want? I repeat. Why should you wish to either rob or thrash me? I never saw you before."

"Well, I just want to say that the game's up," said Beggs, not quite sure how to begin.

The lawyer started perceptibly.

"Game's up? What do you mean, I say?" he demanded.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Beggs.

"I know nothing about you."

"I'm working on that building."

The lawyer gave his head an indescribable jerk, which intimated that he knew that much.

"Well, and I've worked on other buildings—dozens of them, and perhaps I'll still work on dozens more."

The lawyer, it was evident, could not see the drift of this.

"Well, what about it—what about it?"

"I'll tell you. Here I am, after nearly twenty years of hard work—no better off than the day I started. For three weeks I've been roasting in the sun on that there new building—just across from your window—and I've been watching you all the time."

"What—what—" began the lawyer.

"Never mind, now; let me talk. I've been working and watching you, and you haven't been working. You sit nearly all day with your heels up on that desk, reading—yes, I know; you'll say it's your own business, but it isn't. *It is not.* That's why I am here. It is *not* your own business. Why should I work and you not? I'm just as good a man as you are any way you like to look at it. I'm just as intelligent, just as honest; my father and mother were just as good people as yours were—if we leave money out of the question. In your boyhood I suppose you had lots of money and every comfort and pleasure; I had to work for my own living ever since I was twelve years of age, and had

to do lots of work even before I was that age, and I must go on working all my life and not leave a dollar when I die. When I'm old I'll have to work on the streets, and if I become sick, get food from some committee—mind you, after working hard every day of my life. You do very little—just sit here and scheme and plan. You are a non-producer. In all your days you'll not produce one solitary thing that'll be of any use whatever to any human creature—yet you have every comfort. I s'pose you've got a fine house and drive your carriage, and in your old age you'll be quite a nabob."

The lawyer here tried to interrupt his visitor but yielded to his impatient tone, and with an unpleasant smile sat down, threw his feet on the desk and motioned him to proceed.

"Look around this room," continued Beggs. "Where are the men who built this building? Where's the man who framed that door and put on them hinges? I didn't work on this building, for I was on a job in Buffalo the summer this place was built, but do you know or care anything about the men who built that vault, or plastered this wall, or papered it? Where's the men who made that sofa, or that desk? Wouldn't it be safe to say that not a single solitary man of them all—of all those who actually laid a working finger on any single part of this building—could to-day scrape up one hundred dollars to save his life? Not one of them could. Those of us who work—those who really work—never get a dollar ahead in the game. You've a boy, perhaps, and I've a boy. Yours'll go to college and begin life with good clothes and silk hats, and sit for three hours a day in an office like this, spend four months in travel each year, retire at the age of fifty, own big houses, and die of over-indulgence in food and rich wines. Mine'll start work at twelve years of age and toil all his life as I'm doing, and ask no favor and nothing better than steady work—work—nothing to ask for but the good, splendid blessing of being kindly allowed to build buildings and dig sewers and pave streets. He'll be fortunate if he can get work so as to feed himself, so that he'll be strong enough to continue working, and clothe himself so that he'll be fit to be seen working in public, building grand houses for your children to dwell in, and grand offices for them to loiter in, and smooth streets for their carriages and bicycles to run on."

The lawyer's face had grown very grave, and the cynical smile had faded during this harangue, which Beggs uttered with much bitterness. Now he swung his feet down off the desk, placed his hands on his knees and, looking the man in the eyes, said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, what do I want you to do?" echoed Beggs sarcastically. "I want you to do nothing, unless you can make some excuse for the conditions that exist. Perhaps you can show me some reason why I shouldn't treat you as an enemy, and why all men like me shouldn't treat all men like you as enemies, and kill you all as they did once in France."

The cold eye of the lawyer looked deep into the burning eye of the social economist as if to see whether a personal attack on himself was to result from all this.

"My man," said he quietly, "I only see one reason why that

massacre should not be begun at once. The women and children of both classes would suffer very much without being responsible and without understanding the matter at all."

"The wives and children of you rich men are more cruel to our wives and children than you men are to us," answered Beggs, although the lawyer's reply was of an unexpected nature.

"Quite true, but women are what circumstances make them and are not responsible for the economic conditions of the world as it is to-day. If my little son is rich and your little son is poor, they neither of them know it, but take their conditions as they find them, and cannot imagine themselves in any other condition, nor can they comprehend any other.

I think the vengeance of your class should fall entirely on the men. I hold that if you could massacre us without injuring innocent women and children, the remedy would be thorough, and the lesson administered, salutary. If the French Revolution had occurred among a less volatile people, its effects would have been permanent. If it had occurred in England or in the United States or in Canada, one such occurrence would have corrected the race all through its subsequent history."

"Well, say! Are you a socialist?" demanded Beggs. "Or are you just making fun of me?"

"I'm neither. But never mind me. If you were to begin this massacre, for instance, by killing me here and now, it would be a severe blow to my family, but a worse one for yours. You would be hunted high and low and hanged at last. No jury would listen to your arguments as I am listening. Possibly, if a clever lawyer defended you, he might convince the jury that you were insane—that's the best you could hope for—but not having much money, probably you would not be defended by a clever lawyer and you would hang. That would be bad for your wife and family, would it not? It would make their poverty and hard work a good deal harder to put up with, wouldn't it?"

"We needn't argue about that," said Beggs. "I'm not going to kill you, so you needn't be uneasy about that."

"Need I not?" asked the lawyer with a peculiar smile. "You re-assure me so much that I may venture to ask you a few questions. Sit down—go on, sit down, I say; sit down. I'll only detain you a few moments. You're a stonemason, is that so?"

"Yes."

"What wages do you get?"

"Three dollars and a half a day."

"That's not the regular scale—you

get higher wages than the average stonemason."

"Yes. I'm a stone-dresser and considered the best man on fine work in Toronto," answered Beggs with some pride.

"How many days' work do you get in a year?"

"Well, about five months."

"Thirty days in a month, that makes—"

"No, twenty-eight."

"Certainly. That makes one hundred and forty days at \$3½—\$490 in the season. And you make some money at other things, I suppose?"

"Yes. I make about \$700 a year altogether."

"There are men," said the lawyer, "in my own business, and in plenty of other businesses, who make less than \$700 a year. There are scores



"I'LL SHOVE THE FACTS UNDER HIS NOSE," SAID BEGGS.

and hundreds, and perhaps thousands of workmen in Toronto who don't make that much or anything like it. Isn't that so?"

"Thousands of them," said Beggs. "I'm not kicking so much on my own account as on theirs. I see it all around me."

"I see that I can't reconcile you to the existing condition of things by showing you how much better off you are than the great bulk of workmen."

"No, you can't," said Beggs. "That's just what you can't do. It's the condition of the whole working class that enrages me. I see men loafing around all the time who wouldn't loaf an hour if they could get work, and as they get poorer and poorer, some of 'em take to drink and I don't blame them, and some of 'em steal and get sent down, and I only pity them. If driven to it, I'd drink until it drowned me, and I'd steal anything I could lay my hands on to feed my family."



HIS FEET ON THE DESK, READING THE DAILY PAPERS.

"And so, as you brooded over the hardships of the working classes you kept looking in at me and envying me my ease. Is that it?"

Beggs nodded.

"And while you were thinking thus, men were standing on the ground envying you your job and your consequent contentment of mind. Is that not so?"

Beggs admitted that it was very likely.

"My man," cried the lawyer, jumping to his feet, "I have something important to say to you. Don't speak for a moment, but let me think."

He walked up and down the room a few times in rapidly increasing agitation. Suddenly he burst into a laugh, and Beggs quickly arose with an angry look creeping over his face. Was the lawyer laughing at him?

"Sit down," ordered the lawyer, and Beggs resumed his seat. "This is a very funny world," he remarked, still walking up and down the floor. "I can understand at last how the Almighty has the patience to sit all through the centuries and watch men as they come and go, and do this

and that, for although He sees perhaps years of hum-drum comings and goings, now and then He is rewarded by witnessing a scene like this, in which you have played a part you don't understand. Witnessing such a scene, did I say? More than that—He planned it. And it has got to cure both of us—not me only, but you too. You will go away from here this afternoon and will be reconciled to your fate and will do the best you can, but you'll never snarl and gnaw the file any more, I think," and he came up to where Beggs sat, eying him surprisedly. "I don't know what your religious views are, my man, but I've found out that there is a God and that He threw you and me together to-day to give us a joint lesson. I've got mine—now you get yours."

The workman stood up apprehensively and glanced furtively towards the window, but the lawyer stood between.

"Just try the door," said he.

"It's locked," said Beggs, wheeling around, and, striding towards the lawyer, he said threateningly: "Don't you try any games on me."

"I see that you are not so thoroughly soured on life that you want to die just yet," said the lawyer with an irritating smile.

"No; I'm not," replied the stonecutter.

"Well, let me ask you to look at the door again. Do you observe that it is not only locked, but bolted?"

"Yes."

"Now just go over to the desk and open that leather box."

Beggs hesitated; then declined.

"Go on. It won't hurt you."

Beggs advanced to the box and, after a quick look at the lawyer, lifted the lid. A long-barreled pistol, silver-mounted, was exposed to view.

"See if it is loaded."

"Every chamber," assented Beggs, his face full of enquiry.

"Do you see those two letters lying sealed on my desk? Hand them to me. Now, this one, you see, is addressed to my wife, and this to Dr. —, my brother-in-law. I shall let you read part of the one to my wife and part—quite enough—of the one to my brother-in-law. Wait until I fold it, so," said the lawyer after cutting open the envelopes with his knife. "You can read that, I guess, for I write a plain hand."

Beggs took the letter and began to read.

"Read it aloud," said the lawyer. "It will interest me too."

"... So I have decided on the step which you will know all about before this reaches you. There was nothing else for it. You will get my insurance of \$10,000 and can live on that. My policies are not voided by suicide, and I am leaving another letter for your brother, instructing him how to proceed —"

"That's enough. The rest is all of a personal character in the way of a farewell to my wife," said the lawyer. "This other letter to my brother-in-law explains my business affairs and gives directions as to my property and—my burial. You can read this part of it," and he held out the folded sheet.

"I don't want to read any of it," cried Beggs, dropping into a chair and, through force of habit, pulling a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket and taking a bite. Habit also caused the lawyer to reach around the desk with his foot and push a cuspidore over to the stonecutter.

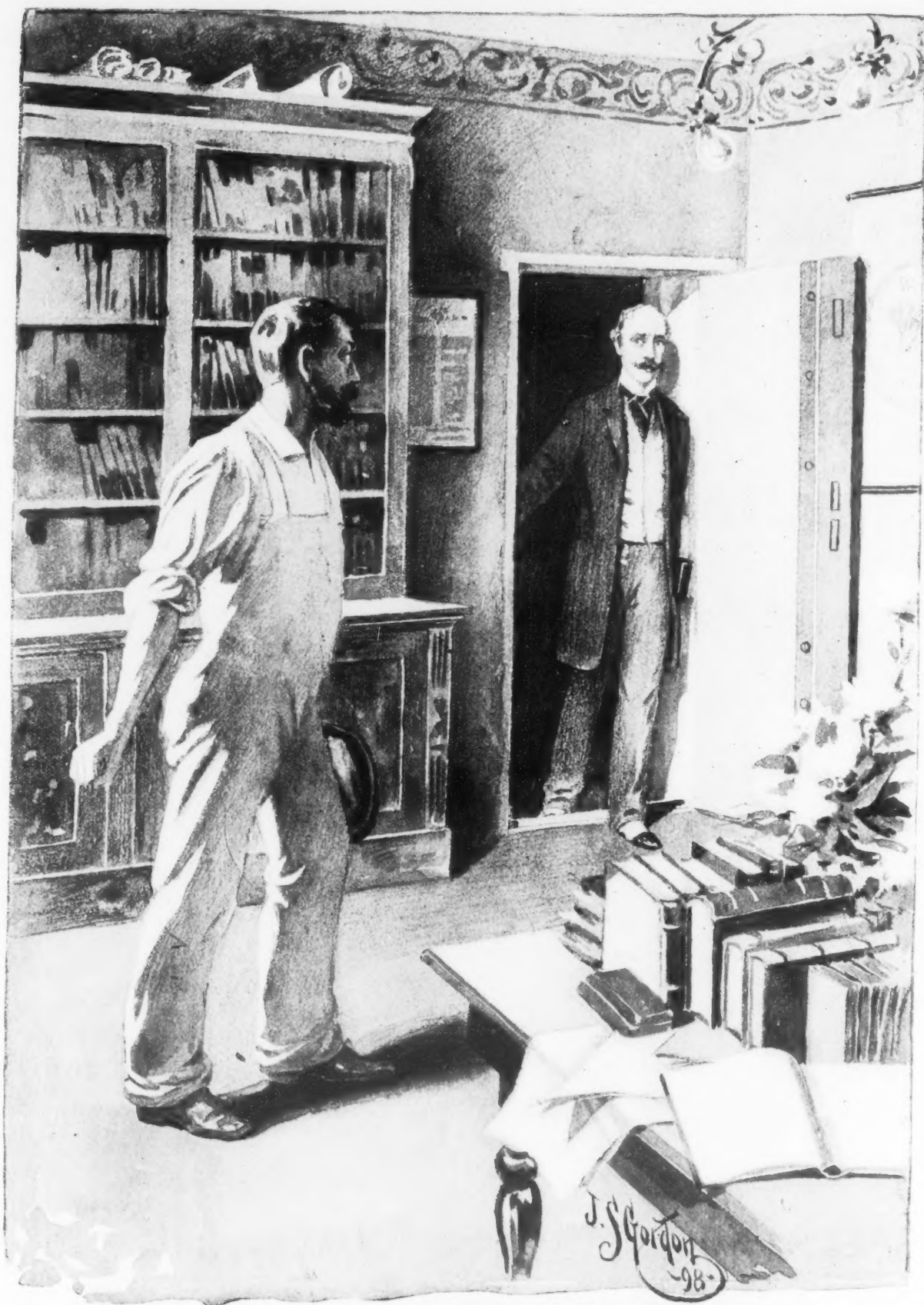
"You're not going to—to do it?" cried Beggs.

"Not now. No, I'm not," said the lawyer. "When you came in I was in that vault getting the revolver, which I loaded carefully this morning. I had my letters written and laid out conspicuously on the desk. There was nothing to wait for—the door was locked; no one could interrupt me. I had done my reasoning, had ceased complaining and arguing, was finally resolved, and if anyone had come to the door I would not have answered. Of you, on the other building, I had taken full account. 'The man,' I said, 'can't see me if I stand over here; when I fall it will be behind this screen and he won't be able to see my body. If he gets alarmed by the shot he will have to go down to the street and come up. It will be all over by then.' You see I had it all arranged and in three minutes, if you had not by envy of my life of ease been moved to put your plank across, my 'life of ease' would have been ended."

Beggs was stupefied.

"But maybe you'll shoot yourself yet," he said.

"No. I am alive now by a miracle and I'll see it through to the end. I'm not insane—wasn't insane for a moment. It's the polite thing to say when a man suicides, but it's not always true. I'm just going to



"DON'T BE ALARMED; I AM NOT GOING TO ROB YOU."

wade through my troubles as best I can. I can make \$700 a year the same as you, but, mind you, to get the same comfort out of life as you do, I'd need \$4,000 at least. But I'll—I'll find a way out of this."

"Let's see you burn the letters," said Beggs, picking up the pistol and drawing the cartridges.

The lawyer tore up the letters and laying them in the little grate set a match to them. Seeing the precaution taken by the stonecutter, he smiled, and picking up the empty revolver and removing the cylinder, he handed the latter to Beggs.

"Keep that and I'll keep this, to remind us both," he said. "I'll depend on you to say nothing of this to any person."

Beggs held out his hand and the laborer and the lawyer clasped palms firmly.

"This is between us two forever," he said, as they searched each other's faces as men do in moments when speech seems too ineffectual for use.

Soon he clambered through the window, walked the plank, drew it over, and the clink, clink of his chisel came regularly to the ears of the lawyer as he walked up and down his office, smoking calmly enough and thinking, thinking, planning means of living, and finding the task more difficult than determining how to end life.



THE FOX AND THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A hospitable old squirrel, who had a large store of nuts, determined to give a Christmas party, and invited three other squirrels. The fox, who lived at the foot of the old squirrel's tree, heard of what was going on, and thought that he would like to make a meal of the party. So he called out to the old squirrel that he would very much like to join them on the following day. "We should all be friends at Christmas, you know," said the fox, "and, if you like, I'll sweep away all the snow with my brush, so that you can come down and have a little dance before dinner."



"Certainly," said the old squirrel; "nothing could be nicer, and we shall be much obliged."

And that night the old squirrel sent a note by the stag beetle to Mr. and Mrs. Foxhound, inviting them to the party, "to meet Mr. Fox."

On Christmas morning the fox was up early, and he swept the snow away very neatly at the foot of the tree, whilst the squirrels watched him from the top branches.

"Now, my dears," said the fox, when he had been at work several hours, "come down and let's all be happy together."

"We're just waiting for the musicians," said the old squirrel.

"Certainly," said the fox; "I love music so much."

(For he supposed that the squirrels had invited Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.)

"I think I can hear the music coming," said the old squirrel. And the fox pricked up his ears, for he heard Mr. and Mrs. Foxhound not far off.

The fox found that he had quite stopped up the entrance to his house with the snow which he had swept up, so he prepared to run.

"Don't go," said the old squirrel; "we should all be friends at Christmas, you know." "We're now coming down," said the second squirrel; "let's all be happy together." "We can have a nice little dance before dinner," said the third squirrel. "And you love music

so much," said the fourth squirrel. But the fox was out of hearing, and Mr. and Mrs. Foxhound dashed by in full cry.

Then the squirrels came down and had a pleasant dance. And afterwards, as they were having dinner in the tree, Mr. and Mrs. Foxhound passed on their way home. "Thanks for a very pleasant dinner," cried Mr. and Mrs. Foxhound as they scampered by.

Moral: False friendship sometimes produces real enmity.

THE KNIFE AND THE FORK.

The carving-knife and the carving-fork were set out on the table at Christmas Day, and began to dispute as to which of them was more important. The carving knife said that his place on the right hand showed that he was the right more of. But he prided himself most of all on his family, for he claimed to be related to the sword, whereas forks, he said, were mere modern inventions, quite unknown to the ancients, who were content to use their fingers.

"Not a bit of it!" said the fork; "my family is a lot more ancient, for I am descended from the fork with which Adam first cultivated the ground. And besides, my ancestors have done a great deal more good in the world than your murderous relation, the sword. And as for your being the better for being on the right hand, that is because the right hand has to help you do your work, whereas," said the fork, "I help the left hand, and do all its work for it."

Then the knife called the fork "skinny legs," and the fork retorted that it had quite as much shape and symmetry as the knife. "At any rate, I have twice as many good points as you," added the fork, "and you can't deny that!"

Then the fine old seasoned mahogany table groaned, which was partly due, perhaps, to the joint of beef arriving at that moment.

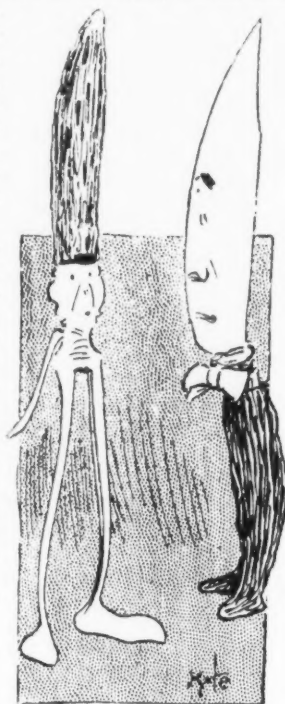
"You are a pair of senseless ninnies," said the table. "You are both of you made of the same materials, and it is only a matter of chance that one of you happens to be a fork and the other a knife. Get to work at once, both of you, and make the best of your respective good qualities, instead of each trying to make the worst of the other. One of you has keenness and incisiveness; the other has tenacity and power. Admire each other instead of sneering and belittling, and you will both be the happier. Really, to hear you dispute," added the table with a terrible creak, "one would almost imagine that you were a couple of senseless human beings."

Moral: Comparisons are generally a waste of time, and often worse.

THE BEAUTIFUL ICICLE.

There was a beautiful icicle which hung from a cottage roof. And a moonbeam fell in love with her, and hovered around her; but though she smiled and glistened, and looked more beautiful every night, her heart was hard and cold, and she only laughed at the poor, sad moonbeam. After a time he grew paler and sadder, till at length he disappeared altogether. In a few days a gay sunbeam came that way, and when the beautiful icicle saw him she thought he was far more enchanting than anything she had ever seen. But the gay sunbeam cared nothing for the icicle, for all the flowers in the windows were in love with him, and he danced from one to the other, whilst the icicle looked on and wept. And she wept, and wept, and wept, until she pined away and died. And the gay sunbeam danced upon her grave, but the grass soon grew over it, and no one remembered the beautiful icicle any more.

Moral: Love may be all moonshine, but it is not to be laughed at.



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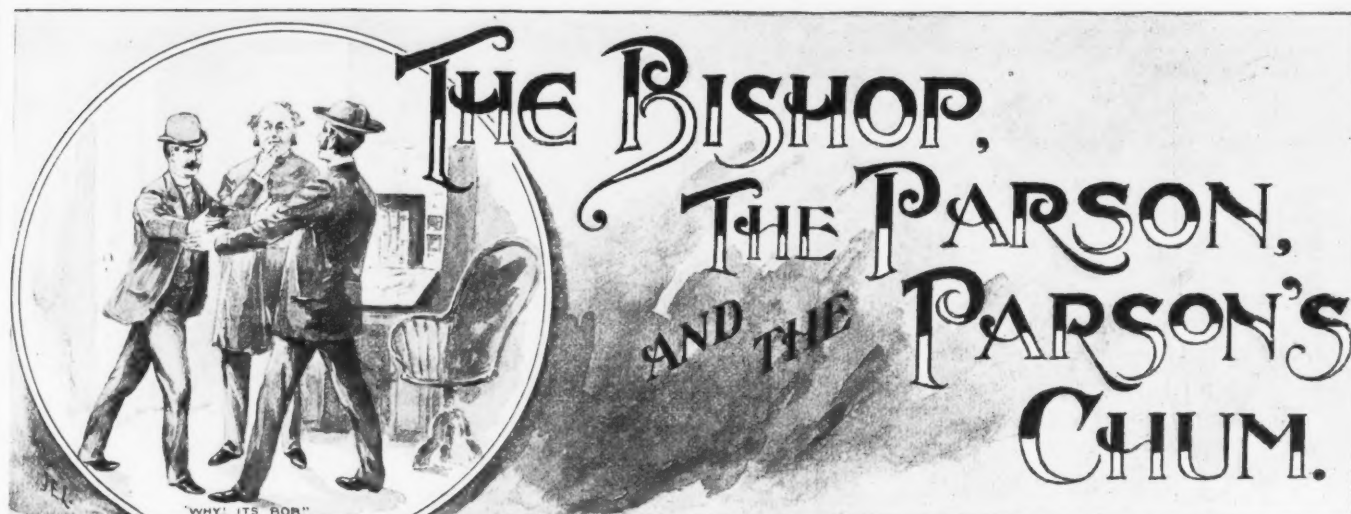


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By ROBERT JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLISHMEN are obstinate. Mr. Troupe was an Englishman, *ergo*—"Bother the Bishop." 'Twas as much as he could say of the Bishop—perhaps he should not even have said that. "Bother the Bishop; it's safer there." Which having said, he left it there and went home to tea.

"It's all very well," said Mr. Troupe, "to say a clergyman's life is an easy one. I have been a chopper on a survey, worked on a bridge-gang and done tail-sawyer in a saw-mill, and for the difference in the work, this is the hardest." Mr. Troupe was in a very bad humor. "And now I have to go down and see some of my co-sponsors, or god-children. I declare! Next to the Bishop I have the largest family in British Columbia. After all, if I didn't have to go out, I would have to stay at home and write a sermon, and I'm not at all sure but that there is an advantage in all things if we look for it."

But for all that the Rev. Mr. Hugh Troupe had not recovered his usual sweet temper; perhaps if he had, this story would never have been written, which would have had its advantages, too.

On his way he had to pass through a rather bad quarter, and as he was going by the station he heard some loud talking and cursing—no, I don't mean swearing. His face grew dark and he crossed over towards them. Just in front of an electric light and with his back against a fence stood a man, the light behind him making him look like a full-faced silhouette, if there could be such a thing, and ranged against him were five others, who were doing the cursing. The once-accustomed eye of the clergyman noted with satisfaction the strategic advantages of the shadow man's position. As he was crossing over, the cursing redoubled and the five men rushed at the one. The little man stepped quickly to one side and struck the foremost fair—it was the blow of a good boxer and hitter. The man went down like a log. The two directly after him tripped over him and the whole five recreated. Then the fighting spirit arose in the clergyman. Straight across the road he came and there was a glow in his face—it may have been the Christian zeal of a peacemaker. He laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the man nearest to him. The man shook it off with an oath and the clergyman had to go around him to make him hear, and somehow he found himself by the side of the little man. There was a rush; the little man threw up the first man's guard and struck. Just how it happened he could not explain, but the clergyman found his fist in somebody's jaw and then in somebody else's stomach, then somebody hit him on the nose. He heard the little man swearing—no, I don't mean cursing; and through it all he was conscious that he and the little man were fighting together like a trained team. If one hit, the other guarded, and each man looked after the other. Then there was a cry of "Police!" and the clergyman found himself doing his utmost to part the combatants and calling on the police to help him, which may have been justifiable, but certainly was deceptive.

"The little fellow fought well," said Mr. Troupe to himself as he walked home, and it is worth of remark that the clergyman's bad temper had entirely passed away.

CHAPTER II.

"They are both swelled," said Mr. Troupe, examining his nose and lips with the aid of a shaving-glass. "Now, if the Bishop sees them, he may misunderstand—I'm sure he'd have done something similar himself, but yet he mightn't like me doing it, so I'll keep away for to-day. I don't like leaving the money there, though, but who'd think of there being money in the vestry? It's as safe as the bank and I'll go for it to-night;" which having settled, Mr. Troupe went about his daily duties as far from the Bishop's vicinity as might be.

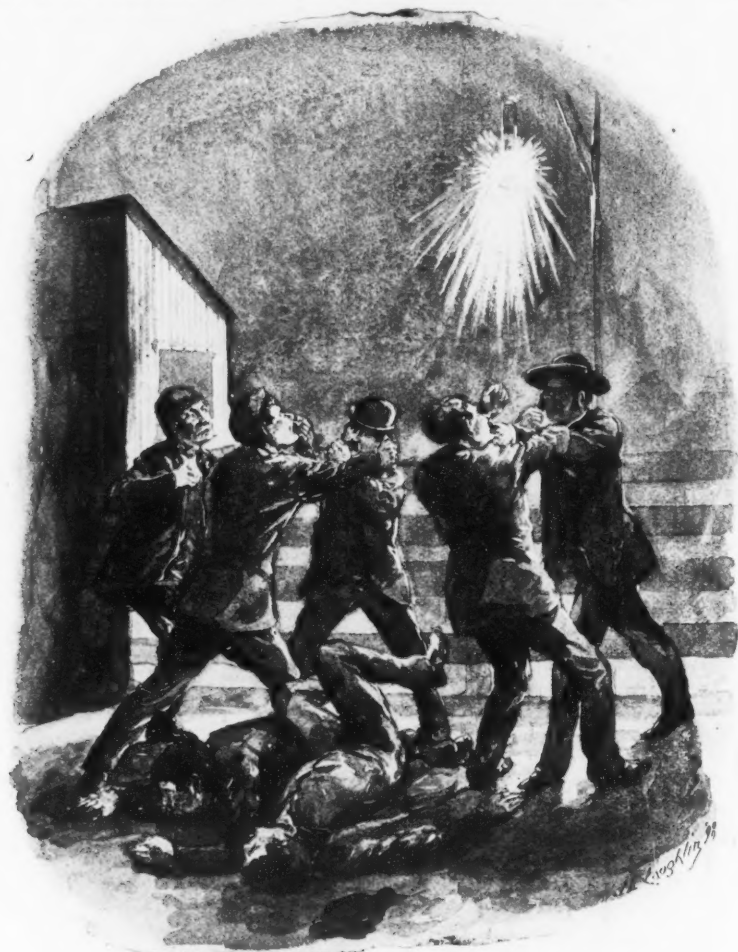
It is a very peculiar thing, but a fact nevertheless, that a man is never so merry as just before a disaster. Firemen always testify that their dead comrade went to the fatal fire a little more cheerful than usual. When a ship is lost, there are invariably many who remember how gallant she looked as she cleared harbor for the last time. If death were the fearful thing it is pictured, whence the glad premonition? Women also never look so pretty as on their wedding day, but perhaps that has no application. Mr. Troupe stopped whistling—a very secular air it was too, for the vestry door was ajar and there was a light in the window. He hesitated. He would have liked not to go in, but a sort of pride forbade him to go back *now*, such a distinction is there between avoiding a difficulty, or a Bishop, when afar off and running away from one when imminent. The clergyman pushed the door open and went in. "Good thing the light's low," thought he, and the next moment all thought of pugilistic encounters vanished.

The Bishop was looking very grave. The drawer of the desk where the money had been, was lying broken on the floor.

No need of questions. Mr. Troupe felt the whole circumstances like a weight on his brain, and the man who would have faced an army with a laugh on his lips, put his head on his hand and—no, he didn't cry; he wasn't that kind of man. It's bad enough to see a man cry as if each sob must break his heart, but it's worse to see a strong man utterly, blankly despairing. The Bishop did not say, "Why didn't you take it home when I told you," as a woman would have done, but he walked to his protege's side and laid a gentle episcopal hand on his shoulder. There are yet men on whom their own troubles sit lightly who find it very hard to bear those of others, because they are others', and not theirs. There are more of them than the world gives credit for, and they are not confined to bishops. But with all his kindness and sympathy the Bishop was at a loss. What could he say—what do? The amount was far beyond either of their purses, and yet it must be made good some way, somehow. There was nothing to say, so he laid his other hand on the clergyman's other shoulder and

stood wishing he had another comforting hand to put somewhere else. There are times when a man yearns for a man; family, relations, even a wife cannot for the moment take the place of the friend who cheerfully climbs into whatever boat you happen to be in, takes one of the oars, and above all speaks of your troubles as "ours."

There was someone at the outer door. It would be very objectionable to let anyone in here, and they could not be kept knocking all night, so the two men went into the outer room. The Bishop went to open the door, while Mr. Troupe leant against the wall, like a man in a dream, but whoever was knocking had concluded to wait no longer, for the door



THE CLERGYMAN FOUND HIS FIST IN SOMEBODY'S JAW.

was opened and a man walked in. Not the least attention did he pay to the Bishop's courteous questions; but seeing the clergyman leaning against the wall, he gave a partially inarticulate sound, which might have been intended for Mr. Troupe's Christian name, but had an unmistakable note of an Indian war-whoop in it, and literally sprang towards him with both hands outstretched.

"Bob," cried the clergyman, seizing the newcomer by both hands. "Great Jemima, if it's not Bob!"

"Came from the East yesterday," gasped the other, shaking his friend's hands without cessation. "In jail all night; preliminary enquiry to-day; got dismissed; other fellows juggled!"

"In jail!" said the clergyman doubtfully, looking over his shoulder to see if the Bishop had heard; also, his friend had a distinct black eye.

"Yes, five fellows tackled me. I hadn't said a word."

"At the station?" cried the clergyman.

"Yes, got in a corner; nipped one big fellow under the chin."

"So did I."

"Where?"

"At the station."

"Then, you were the big fellow!"

"And you were the little fellow!"

The men stared at one another in astonishment.

"I thought I recognized your guard," said the clergyman at last.

"I thought you struck kind of familiar," and just then both became aware that the Bishop was looking at them with a very displeased expression. There was an awkward pause and the clergyman presented his friend.

"I hope no one knows of this, Mr. Troupe," said the Bishop. "I don't like this kind of thing."

"You see, my lord, it was five to one when he knocked the biggest down. I suppose the old habit was too strong. I don't know how it happened."

"He just started in," chimed in his friend. "I knocked up the first one's guard with my left, and he got in his right and landed another with his left."

"And then you gave the black-bearded fellow one."

The men, their faces glowing with excitement, had ranged themselves in a corner illustrating every word with some movement of offence or defence, the Bishop standing to one side with a glow on his face.

"And then he kicked me."

"So I hit him hard," cried the clergyman.

"So would I," shouted the Bishop.

"I believe you would," cried the stranger; "you look like it."

"Ahem!" said the Bishop, and sat down.

There was another pause.

"To return to the matter," said the Bishop, "you locked the eleven hundred dollars in this drawer and were coming for it to-night."

"What eleven hundred dollars?" cried the newcomer.

"It's gone, Bob—stolen," said the clergyman sadly.

"I know!" yelled his friend, almost beside himself, "by the black-bearded man."

"What do you mean—how do you know?" and the big divine seized the smaller man in his arms to keep him still.

"Twas on him when they juggled him. He wanted to give it as bail, but the magistrate knew he stole it. So did I."

"On who?" cried the Bishop.

"Why, the black-bearded man. He wanted to get away badly, but I held him because he kicked; and he's in the station now."

"Will they let him out?"

"They might."

"Let's go at once, then," cried the clergyman.

"Come on," said his friend, running like a lamp-lighter. "Come on."

"I'm coming as fast as I can," said the Bishop; "wait for me."





RECLINING upon the edge of the platform of the grist mill, Theron Dale watched the last grinding of the day. On his right hand the shining steel disc hissed through the last wet log, for Rhett & Dale, "Planters and Plantation Supplies," were economical, and ground corn with the same engine that sawed logs or ginned cotton. Behind Dale, two negroes, whose black skins glistened with the heat of the work, were shoveling corn into the hopper, and a dusty white man was filling the sacks for a little group of waiting customers. It would not seem that the languid figure in white-duck trousers and pink-and-white shirt had any part in the busy motion of the scene; yet in fact, not a man there but threw an extra bit of vigor into his muscles because of the pink-and-white shirt between him and the cotton fields.

The day was closing and already the sun was veering towards the west, flooding the mill with a sultry glow. The dust rose from the machinery and from the piles of corn on the floor, and there was a smell of meal and stale oil in the air. But along the river bank, under the shade of the great water oaks, the grass had a jeweled glow and freshness. It looked cool by the river, and it looked cool on the old-fashioned galleries of the houses scattered among the cotton-fields; and, coolest of all, it looked, under the maple trees where the hammock was swung in the Colonel's yard.

Theron knew that the drift of white skirts over one side of the hammock meant that Lee was swinging in it. He knew just how her graceful head was looking, flung back on the red pillow, the smooth, black hair a little ruffled. Lee's face always was pale—not sallow, but pale, with the soft, moonlit pallor of a pure olive skin. There would be a book in her hands, and her long black lashes would be the blacker against her white cheek. It was not a frock of pure white that she would be likely to be wearing, but a thin, white stuff, sprigged with roses; and he almost thought he could distinguish the floating ends of pink ribbon at her belt. How cool and dainty and sweet she must be looking! And the young fellow who watched her was to marry her in two months; yet his brows knitted themselves, and he crushed a sick sigh between his teeth. In fact, never, since a little, little boy, he had cried himself asleep at night because his mother was dead, and nearly broke his neck climbing to the top of the house, in the fantasy that he, from that height, might look up into heaven, where she was, had Theron been so miserable.

And one little month before, he had been so satisfied with his world and himself. Rather a small world for a brilliant Harvard man—an Arkansas plantation, heavily mortgaged and losing money every year, until Theron had bought up the mortgages and put his keen eyes and clear brains into the concern; but, then, if a man has a crowd of doctors insisting that hemorrhage, brought on by over-training at rowing, is a

serious matter, he cannot stay in Massachusetts, no matter how enticing his prospects. There happened to be an uncle, a cotton factor, in Memphis; and he called it a good bargain when he sold the mortgages cheap to Theron, saying, truly, "Old Colonel Rhett is one of the finest gentlemen in the South, and the soul of honor, though a trifle antiquated and lavish in his methods, and the land is splendid." He added, not knowing that he was to be a true prophet, "You'll make money out of it."

Theron had made money. He had seen the possibilities of cotton hulls and fat stock; and the hole in the cotton crop during bad years was filled by cattle and hogs. The boys occasionally came down south to try his hunting; he was near enough to the railway to keep a capital wine-cellar and an ice-house; and when the earth began to reek with the deadly August and September vapors he sped away to the seashore and civilization. And every year he realized afresh how small a man he was in his own country, and how large a figure he was growing to be in the South-West. He brought from Harvard that gentle outward modesty and strong inward self-respect peculiar to the famous university; and each year of his success entrenched him in his own and other people's good opinion, and made it pleasanter for him to be of importance.

Whether he really looked like Colonel Rhett's only son, who died the year before he came, is not of any particular interest; the Colonel thought that he did, and his heart clave to the boy from the first. Theron was good to the old soldier, who seemed to him such an artless combination of rustic and aristocrat; and he was not aware that his goodness had any quality of condescension. The Colonel was a widower, with one child, a daughter; and Theron was glad when he began to perceive in his reveries a constant appreciation of Lee Rhett's sweetness. "Rather a sensible sort of a joke were I to fall in love with Lee," he mused. "After all, it is better to be well and strong in Arkansas than to die in Massachusetts, God bless her; and a Southern wife wouldn't be always wanting to go home. What a pretty way she has of holding her head, the little witch; and what funny things she says, and how innocent she is and sweet! And it would just serve Aunt Milly right for her tantrums if I were to get married!"

It fell out very much as he had planned. Lee accepted him, shyly; but he was not so much in love as to be blind to the signs of her affection; the Colonel rejoiced, with frank and exceeding joy; and Theron felt a placid satisfaction.

Was it only a month ago that all this was his? Why, out of his very security, he had evoked regrets. He would grow pensive of an evening, sitting on his veranda and watching the lights fade out of the gray bulk of the Colonel's house. He would wonder to himself, was he not frittering his talents and his fine education away, in a mere rural lotus-eater's paradise. His heart would contract with a mighty pang because he had no grand passion for Lee. "Idiot!" he snarled, recalling his confidence; and, in a spasm of irritable anguish, he leaned with such force on the slight railing before him that it snapped under his grip. He laughed, the kind of laugh that a man jerks out of inexpressible self-disgust.

"Finish the toll," he called to the white man; and then, bounding off the platform, he approached the little group waiting for their corn.

They looked up civilly at his approach, but with a visible embar-

rassment, and Pyram Gode nearly swallowed his quid of "Orphan Boy."

Old Man Rainey, who had always been a warm admirer of the young Northerner ever since they went on a bear hunt together, was the only one to speak.

"Laws! ain't it mighty hot, to-day?" said he; "say, Mist' Dale anything new 'bout them postoffice robberies? We all is sorter hangin' 'round, waitin' on the comin' of the inspector, or whatever he names himself. My boy, jest come, say; he seen him on the yon sider the creek in a buggy with"—the old farmer cleared his throat and his faded eyes evaded Theron's unconsciously stern gaze—"with Sheriff Vassall."

Unless an almost imperceptible hardening and settling in the lines may be called a change in a face, there was no change in Theron's. His keen, dark blue eyes did not waver; not a flicker of color crept into his fair, freckled cheeks. It was only that the half smile on his face broadened and stayed.

"Rainey, I wish you would ask Baxter to see the inspector, if he comes, and fetch him over to the Colonel's and have them told there; I'm going to ride down to the creek and meet the Colonel, and we'll both be back before sundown."

Rainey assented stolidly; but the men watched Theron walk away with curious interest. They saw him speak a few words with the men at the mill, and then, just as the whistle sounded for closing, a bay horse galloped out of Theron's yard and dashed, tail and mane streaming in the hot air, along the road to the woods.

Theron did not turn his neck, but he knew they were staring after him.

"I dare say they think I am going to light out," he thought. "Every man jake of 'em believes that I am a thief!"

He ground his teeth as he rode. "And how easy it would be to get out of the whole infernal folly of it, if—" He looked up at the glowing sky with an expression of bewildered torture. "If I didn't know—no, by God, I *don't* know! I only have a hideous, hideous suspicior!" He rode on at the same furious pace, with his head on his breast. He rode until he came to the ford, where he expected to meet the Colonel, who had gone that afternoon to examine some horses offered in part payment of a note. The Colonel had said he would return by the lower ford.

Arrived at the ford, Theron halted to wait. His mood was too impatient to permit him to remain, like a statue, upon his horse. Dismounting, he tied the creature to the limb of a tree, in the Southern fashion, by her bridle, thus leaving him free to pace up and down. Often had he felt the placid beauty of the scene, the great gum trees beading their rich leafage over the narrow stream, the moss-painted trunks rising out of the water, and the vista of shady road beyond, dappled with sunlight. To-day he saw nothing, neither did he hear the birds trilling in the tree-tops and the soft rustle of the breeze.

"I have to think it out, and I have to tell him," he kept saying. "Oh, Lee, my little, gentle Lee, how can I?" His mare turned an inquisitive eye on him, trampling the twigs under his feet. Then, she surveyed the branch to which her bridle was slung, and pulled at it in an unobtrusive way. What a miserable, humiliating, useless agony it was, he was thinking—impossible to conceive, had it not happened. When did the first of the trouble come? Wasn't it more than a month ago that the Colonel came to him? People sending registered letters through the Silverhurd postoffice complained that their money was lost.

The Colonel, being postmaster, waxed angry. Theron thought it might be someone on the cars, but the Colonel explained that their

inspector ("sharpest man on the road, sir; I have a great regard for him; genial gentleman too, and a great wag when you get him off duty") had narrowed the circle of enquiry down to their own territory. "You see," said the Colonel, "two mail routes intersect at our office"—making an angle out of his forefingers with much earnestness—"the two mail riders come in every evening, and the mail stays here all night and goes out in the morning, right straight to Zoar; don't wait no time at all, you may say, at Zoar, and that is why it looks like—why, d—n it, it looks like that money was stolen *here*!"

"Why couldn't it be stolen before it gets here?"

"Because it's been stolen on both roads, sir—both roads stopping here!"

"Well, why couldn't it have been stolen in the cars after it leaves here?"

"Because, sir, there is a third route, that strikes the railway at Zoar, and not a registered letter on that route has been tampered with! That's why, sir. Theron, there's been thieving right here, right in Silverhurd; and I propose to find out the thief!" He took an indignant turn across the narrow office (they were in the store at the time of the discussion), then he approached Theron, with the half-wistful smile that his features often wore when he made a business proposition of any kind to the young Northerner. He had grown to an appreciation of the latter's superior shrewdness, and he was divided between a craving to win this uncommonly keen young man's approbation and a fear of his ridicule. Theron found his humility more amusing than pathetic, but of late it did not amuse him. "Yes?" said Theron.

"I've—I've sent for a lot of detective stories by a man named Doyle, and I'm studying them up—showing how to work up a case, you know. What do you think of it?"

Theron did not deny himself a laugh, and he fancied that the Colonel looked wounded, although he was good-natured and protested that, anyhow, the time wasn't lost, for they were capital stories.

But after that he had said little, and Theron let him putter with clues, unmolested. It seemed to him that, of all possible detectives, the Colonel, who could only be kept by main force from going on the bonds of all his old army friends and giving credit at the plantation store to every miserable renter who had sickness and a large family, and who trusted every tale of woe that he met on the streets when he went to St. Louis, was the least likely to run a clever rascal to earth. And clever, Theron admitted the rascal to be. Ever since the first rumor of loss, the two partners had allowed no one except themselves to touch the mail. The mail-bag was locked at night and placed within a locked desk, either Theron or the Colonel keeping the key. The one clue that they seemed to have (though the Colonel made much more of it than Theron, thanks to his reading) was that, during comparatively careless days when the key had been kept in the desk used for the letters, it had been lost all day and finally found in a place where the clerk who found it swore he had searched before. But in vain did Theron shadow the mail-boy and the two clerks. His shadows, he suspected, took their mission in ill part and reported nothing. Later, in addition to bolts and bars, a mastiff of approved fidelity, and a spy and vigilant little rat-terrier had guarded the store. Yet, a week or so after this combination of vigilance and strength had been locked up nightly, Pyram Gode sidled up to the counter and reported the loss of a registered letter. Pyram was a sallow, complaining man, to whom the Colonel never gave credit since he had turned informer on a whisky peddler. He did not trade at the store, but he came there for his mail. "Tain't the letter, reely," he explained, "that's ben lost; it's the money in it. I put in a five-dollar bill. Colonel seen me, and he registered the letter himself."

Theron, who had listened with an unusual grimness to his plaint, told him curtly that he would report it to the Colonel. He did not expect the Colonel to grin savagely. "Do you reckon he put any money in the letter?" growled he, under his white mustache. "They said he had something to do with the train robbers. He's just the kind of white-livered, plausible feller likely to do such a thing!"

"For God's sake, don't let us suspect people without good reason, sir!" Theron cried, with most unusual agitation.



"Well, never mind," said the Colonel, staring a little, "I have a clue. You needn't be afraid I shall do anything hastily—no, sir!"

But, as the Colonel had done things hastily and not otherwise all his life, Theron was not relieved. He went away, because he, who prided himself on his composure, his man-of-the-world's steadiness, could not keep the muscles of his mouth from quivering, for he was sure it was not Gode.

He had become interested and anxious, and, seeing, with some amusement, that the Colonel was making his own researches, he determined to turn detective on his own account. "The dear old fellow is trying to astonish me with his successes," he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders. "I shall have to try to prevent his astonishing me

Then she had kissed her father, with an adorable blush, and Theron had assured himself that, by Jove, he really was genuinely in love at last. "How pastoral, how innocent it all is!" he exclaimed, as he walked home in the starlight. "All the detestable fever of our modern life isn't in it, here. I shall write Nell (Nell was his sister) that Lee is worth all the girls in Boston!"

He went home, singing:

Her eyes are stars of morning,
Her lips are crimson flowers;
Good-night, good-night, beloved,
While I watch the weary hours!

He wrote the letter to his sister, and then another to a college friend, and then feeling too pleasantly excited for sleep, it occurred to him to go to the store. "Wouldn't it be a joke if I nabbed the fellow to-night?" thought he. When he came within sight of the east wall of the store, which obliquely turns to the river and is approached first, his pulses gave a tingling bound. No, it was not imagination; there was a crack of light in one corner of the window. It was not wider than a knife edge, and, while his eyes strained after it, it wavered and disappeared. But he kept on his course. Presently, he could discover another streak. Whatever was hung before the window did not entirely exclude the light. Light is the most persistent and evasive thing in the natural world; it may be in the spiritual also. So Theron thought, fantastically, as he stole on this betraying gleam, with the foot-fall of an Indian. In fact, he had pulled off his shoes. Noiselessly, he took one of the empty packing-boxes always near the store, carried it to the window, climbed on it and fastened his eye to the crack. The shawl—the screen was a shawl; he could see the fringe—fluttered the least crevice to one side; he could look into the postoffice. He saw a portion of the desk. He saw letters strewn about, and a segment of the open mail-bag, and a small alcohol lamp, making a blue, uncanny blaze, alongside a single candle. A cup of water was steaming above the blue flame. Someone sat on the high stool before the desk, lifting each

letter, fingering it, at last selecting one and holding the flap over the steam of the lamp. The someone was Lee! In nightmares, sometimes, the heart is shaken by a picture focussed on a few details, cruelly sharp, the rest a horror and a mystery of darkness. So it was now with him. He saw his love's pure, pale profile, rimmed in light; the light seemed to shine through the envelope, through the delicate fingers that lifted the flap and pulled the bank note; but the rest was black. Did he feel dizzy and thus lose his footing, or did the insecure box give way? The light went out, and he ran, noiselessly, swiftly around the corner of the building. He thought that she must have gone to the window and raised it, ever so cautiously, for he heard a muffled creaking. She had extinguished the light. He panted a minute, beneath the shelter of the steps; but all was still; and, directly, he ran down to the river, and so on, covered by the high banks, until he gained the fields behind his own house, and at last crawled into his own door. No sooner was

he home, with a little breath back in his body, than he cursed himself for a fool, that he had not boldly called to Lee and demanded an explanation. At least, he would know the worst; but now—now, his brain burned itself out in miserable questions, accusations, denials, ravings. Why was she there, while her father slept, opening letters?

She came down to the store in the morning, to buy a "very large, nice dishpan." She looked as fresh and happy, in her blue-and-white gingham, with her broad hat with the white veil, and her crisp white apron, as if she had stepped out of Arcadia. She blushed happily at his gaze. "Such a d—d undignified tragedy!" groaned Theron to himself, while she discussed the merits of dishpans.

He had a rush of relief at the thought that he must go that day to Memphis on business and be absent for several days. Perhaps when he came back this nightmare would have dissolved itself.

He did not know how he could ever get through the parting without betraying himself; but when the parting came, he kissed Lee with a novel and passionate tenderness.

All the time that he was at Memphis he was consumed by a longing to get back, only to see her, only to watch her every look and word, and



HOLDING THE FLAP OVER THE STEAM OF THE LAMP.

with an awful break somewhere." So, many a night, secretly, had he entered the store and slept, as well as he could, on a rug spread over an unused mattress in a room downstairs. He did not go every night, but every night on his return from the Colonel's he used to walk around the store. Only once did he ever discover anything. That once changed his whole outlook on life.

It was the very night that, according to the register, Gode's letter must have been posted. Theron had spent a happy evening at the Colonel's. Lee had been gentler and sweeter than usual, and her father had laughingly forced her to exhibit certain dainty feminine bits of finery that she had been making, to her lover. "My little girl will have as pretty frocks as any of them," said he proudly, "if she does spend so little money. I often offer her money, and she won't take it; says I must save it to build the new store."

"Oh, summer things don't cost much money," said Lee, laughing and rumpiling her father's silver hair; "one can be right fine on one's fingers and fifty cents."

tear out the squalid secret of this mystery. Never, when he had believed implicitly in Lee, had her image pursued him with such a haunting charm. Never had her gaiety seemed to him so bright, her unselfishness so lovely, her simplicity so exquisite. "There must be some reason for it," he would plead, answering the sick recoil of his reason and his pride when he remembered; "women are so queer in their notions; but, oh, if I could only wake up and find it all a dream, and my little Lee, just as I thought her, back again!" How strong his hopes were, despite their unreason, he realized by the shock he felt when Gode spoke to him.

During the next two days Theron was like a man in a sleep. He became aware of the course of the public suspicion; but it only added an irritating pin-prick to the pain and fear that was tearing his soul. This very day he had been in a tumult. While he had been watching the grinding a boy had handed him a note from the Colonel. "Money traced. Am going to see about it before I come home." Only two sentences, but enough to take the pith out of Theron's knees. Then came the news of the inspector's and sheriff's coming, and Theron's irresolution went off in a flash of fear. He had never been so irresolute before. For that matter, he could not recall ever having been irresolute before, in any degree. He had looked at the different courses of action open to him, and chosen what seemed to him the best; and, once chosen, had flung himself into the movement with all the real ardor of his nature. "Now I am a nerveless, bewildered, cowardly cur," the ground between his teeth. "I will know what is the truth, and I'll save her if I have to run away and be chased for it myself."

He turned, in a glow of determination, at last. But he did not move. At least he did not move for a second, and the reason was simple. The mare had made the best of his abstraction. She had pulled her bridle free of the tree and was grazing, unfettered, at a little distance. At the sound of Theron's voice she reared her head and gave him a glance of that wicked intelligence to be noticed in animals' faces when they regard themselves as at a safe distance. "Nannie!" called Theron, in tones of silken wooing, with fury in his heart; "Nannie, girl! Here, girl!"

Nannie girl tossed her mane, cut a frolicsome caper with her heels and then gave Theron a clean view of them, as she galloped off home.

There remained nothing for her master to do but wait for the Colonel. "If he comes this way, as he said, it will be all right," said Theron, "but if he changes his mind and takes the other ford:"

The impetus of this disagreeable idea sent Theron up a tree, from which, over a rank tangle of low undergrowth and swamp, he could survey the other ford, two miles lower down. And there, ambling along beside a buggy, rode the Colonel. Theron knew the slight figure of the inspector, Platt, and the sheriff's broad shoulders and gray horse. While Theron gazed, his wits congealing at the sight, the buggy turned off into a side road, and the Colonel jogged on alone.

"I may catch him yet before they join him again," thought Theron "and find out what they have done and let him see the danger." He slipped down the tree and ran along the road to a cross cut, a mere bridle path, by which he might intercept the Colonel before he came out, just in front of his own home. At college he had been a marvelous runner. He was out of trim now, and he felt it in ten minutes, but he kept on, gradually increasing his pace. On and on he sped, through the woods. The blood pumped a roar in his ears; he felt suffocated,

but he knew if he opened his mouth it would be all over with him. On and on he ran, until he reached the road.

The Colonel must have increased his speed, for he was only a speck in the distance, almost at his own gate. Theron shut his teeth and ran on to the village, to the Colonel's house.

A miserable object, ready to drop with fatigue, he was hailed by the inspector, "Say, what's up?"

The Colonel, the inspector and Lee sat on the veranda. They were all smiling, but Lee rose and the smile changed into a look of alarm at his purple face, with the wet hair dragged over the forehead.

Theron sat down, physically unable to walk. He tried to invent some pretext out of his plight to get the Colonel off alone with him. "Horse ran off and I ran after her," he answered. Then he had to stop to catch his breath before he begged the Colonel to go with him. And, in the pause, the inspector said, "Oh, your horse is all right; I saw her in your yard. And I've some good news for you; we've got the post-office thief!"

"No!" said Theron—he must say something.

"Yes, sir," said the inspector, "and I must make my compliments to the Colonel, and to Miss Rhett too"—he bowed in Lee's direction—"on a mighty pretty piece of detective work."

"You'll have to explain," said Theron.

The Colonel rubbed his hands and the inspector handed him the word, as one who could explain better than he.

"It was this way," said the Colonel. "We differed a little about the way to go to work, you remember—when the books came, you understand; so I thought I wouldn't trouble you with my theories."

Theron, who was wiping his damp face, fast growing pale, nodded; he remembered.

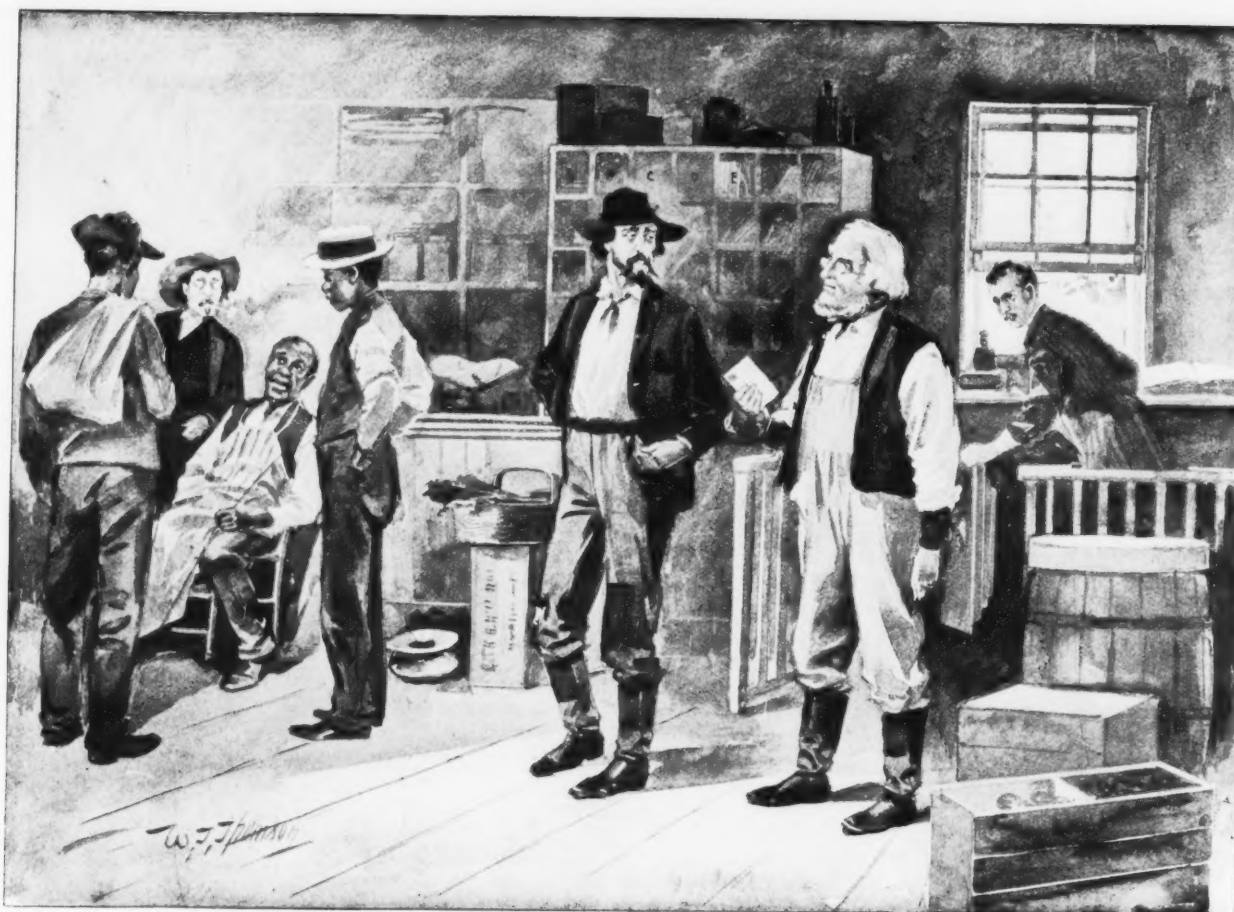
"I used to talk things over with Lee, and that was all. You suggested our sending a letter to the different post-offices, and having them, when money was registered, take down the numbers and banks of the bills. The postoffices 'round here, being in stores, generally can see the money without trouble, and we handle most of the money sent from here; they get it from us, you understand. Well, we got pretty excited over these robberies. Mr. Dale—here he beamed on Theron, who sat dazed, mopping his brow—"Mr. Dale had his notion of finding the thief. He was for watching the mail-rider and watching the clerks; and finally he took to sleeping at the store, on the sly"—again a radiant smile at

Theron—"and don't you reckon the fool folks about here saw him sneaking over there in the dark, and Lord knows what notions they had, but they came to me." The Colonel laughed, but Lee flushed. "He had reason to suspect me," Theron thought, "and it never entered his honest, trusting head!"

"Yes, sir," continued the Colonel, after a refreshing gulp from a tumbler that looked like a mint bed; "yes, sir, we went to work different ways. I was on to The's game, but he wasn't on to the old man's; and I vowed I would give him a surprise—show him they don't keep all the smartness locked up down east. Well, Lee and I went over the books and we figured it that the way Mr. Holmes made out was to study the situation and then to see what theory would fit all the facts. We narrowed the business down until we were pretty sure that it was done here, and done right in our store. Then we put the dogs in, to see if the thief was a stranger or somebody they knew. I had made out a list of the people who lost money, and I had made out a list of the fellers 'round here mean enough to do such a trick, and a mighty small



HE SAW A PORTION OF THE DESK.



I TOOK IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT MY THUMB WENT RIGHT OVER THE FLAP.

list it was, with one man at the head and the same man at the foot."

"Yes," said the inspector, "name of—"

"Pyram Gode, a fellow that bought whisky of a poor devil and then informed on him—a mean, triffin' feller, five miles down the river, living alone and liable to take a boat and scud up here at night. Pyram was in the store the day we lost the key. There's another point against him. Well, I put the key business in your hand, and I kept a lookout for the money, and so did you, but nothing definite turned up until, day ayfter we had those dogs at the store, Pyram comes in and asks for change for a ten-dollar bill—wants to send five dollars to a firm in St. Louis. So I went to the safe and had the clerk bring him out two five-dollar bills, first having him jot down the money. I didn't do it, because my hands were all greasy, coming over from the mill, where I had been fixing the engine. But then a sudden thought struck me. I took the bills in my smeared hand and gave them to Gode. And I saw him put the top one—which had my thumb mark on it, plain—into his envelope. But, instead of giving me the envelope directly, he put it in his pocket while he asked were the robberies over, and then, seeming reassured, he took it out and handed it to me. I took it, and I took it in such a way that my thumb went right over the flap, and there was a seal, as it were, in machine oil. You see I had a notion. Do you know what gave me the notion? That ten-dollar bill Gode gave us was one of the stolen bills. Found the number when I was looking at the list to put in the numbers of the fives. And before I went home to Lee I did something else. I wrote to the firm that Gode's letter was addressed to, and asked them, explaining why, to please open the letter so as not to disturb the flap, and to kindly send back the envelope to me if the money was gone. And then I took the other two registered letters that we were sending that day, and put my miller's seal on *their* flaps, and wrote the same kind of a note to their consignees. They were both from Lee and contained money for little articles of drygoods she was purchasing.

Daughter, a little more of the julep, please, and give Theron another cup; I see he can't make head or tail out of this story yet."

"I haven't heard the details either, you know," said the inspector, "I think—thank you, Miss Rhett."

"Well," the Colonel continued, evidently enjoying his own periods, "well, I told Lee what I had done. I says, says I, if that rascal is the thief, what he is after now is to show that the robberies went on, regardless of the dogs, so he has posted a letter supposed to contain money, but really not containing a cent. That's why he put the bill in, and that's why he put the letter into his pocket. If you read those books, they put you on to all such little games. *He had another letter, just the same as the first, but without any bill in it!* And he substituted that for the letter with the bill in it, keeping the latter. You got that clear? All right. My theory was to mark the envelope, that if it was opened it would show it, and if it was *not* opened, then it would show that he had deliberately posted an empty letter, instead of the letter containing money. That is, if it was as I suspected. I marked Lee's letters to see if they would be tampered with, which I didn't think, for I was plumb sure the dogs would give Pyram a job if he tried to come in. I told all this to Lee, after Theron, who spent the evening, had gone home. Lee wasn't so sure that the envelope couldn't be opened, and she suggested that we take a little alcohol lamp and go down to the store, and take out her letters and steam them a bit, to see whether the impression would be disturbed and the flap not fit. And that's just what we did."

"Excuse me!" cried Theron. He had knocked over his mint julep glass.

"We did just that very thing," said the Colonel—"stole by night, as if we had been the thief himself, and, as Lee suggested, tried to repeat his performance exactly, as far as her letters were concerned; and we discovered that I was right, and that the envelope couldn't be fitted back exactly—at least, without an immense amount of time and trouble. And,

being out prospecting, we examined the windows and found one with a broken catch, that looked all right, but had, no doubt, been used for his entrances; though, I confess, our Southern windows aren't, any of them, burglar-proof. Then the plot thickened. Gode had the idiocy to spend at this store the very five-dollar bill with my mark on it; yes, sir! Then he got word from St. Louis, and complained, and brought the letter from the St. Louis folks—oh, he had it all fixed slick; and that's what caught him, for the envelope came back to me untouched. There it is"—handing a sealed envelope to Theron, who took it mechanically, and staggered as he returned to his seat. "Mr. Platt, here, about the same time, found the locksmiths who made a key for a man whose appearance corresponded with Pyram's; and we got track of the money too; and the end is, Mr. Platt came down, and now the sheriff is interviewing Mr. Pyram Gode. And what do you say to it all, my son?"

He laid a brown hand on Theron's shoulder, and the inspector laughed.

Theron managed to get on his feet, and make a bow.

"I say," said he, "that Sherlock Holmes isn't a patch on you, sir, as a detective, and that I am the most contemptible chump I know!"

He excused himself presently, to go home and make himself presentable for a little late supper that he insisted on giving; and there was a jolly evening of it; but Nannie was the most astonished horse in Arkansas, for her master flung his arms about her and kissed her and cried like a baby, while such broken exclamations as these were sobbed into her marveling ears, "Oh, you blessed brute! Oh, what a narrow squeak! Oh, what an angel she is! Oh, what a d—d fool I am! Oh, thank the Lord! Such an ass as I was didn't deserve to be saved!"

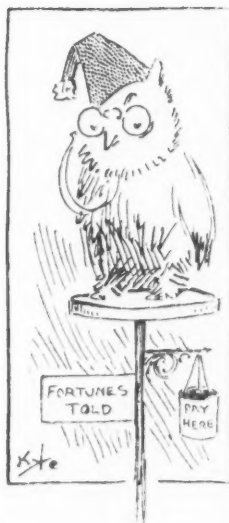
Nevertheless he was; and he has been so grateful ever since that the Colonel's wistful smile seldom has occasion to appear.



CHRISTMAS FABLES ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

With Morals for the New Year.

By W. GURNEY BENHAM.



ONE summer evening the goose, the pig, the turkey, the hare, and the ox visited an old screech-owl to have their fortunes told. The owl put on his spectacles and consulted the Book of Fate. Then he said: "Each of you will die a violent death, and you must all beware especially of Christmas time."

The ox bellowed a little at first, but then remarked: "What can't be cured must be endured." And he advised his companions to make the most of the time left them.

"That's just like an ox," said the goose. "I sha'n't know another happy moment."

The turkey, who was very excited, declared that he should consult his solicitor, and see what could be done. The pig said that if only he had wings like the goose or the turkey he would soon fly to the top of some high mountain. The hare said: "My friends, who is so wise as the owl, who never comes out excepting in the dark? I shall hide all day long, and only go out at night."

So the hare was caught a few nights after in a poacher's snare. The pig tried to swim up the river and get to the mountains; but he

cut his throat before he had gone far. The turkey went to consult Mr. Fox, and Mr. Fox soon made an end of him. The goose pined and fretted, and grew so thin that its owner, seeing it would soon be good for nothing, killed it three weeks before Michaelmas Day. But the ox went back to his meadow and fed comfortably, and forgot all about the owl's prophecy; and he went on growing so much that at Christmas it was decided that he would pay to keep even longer, and so it happens that he is alive still.

Moral: Don't worry too much about the screech-owl.

THE LION IN A FIX.

A lion was skating at Christmas-time on a river, when the ice gave way, and he fell in. He could just hold on to the edge of the thin ice, but could not get out. The jays and magpies swarmed around and chattered and shrieked, the geese came near and hissed, the monkeys grinned, the rooks gave the lion plenty of solemn advice, a donkey stood on the bank and brayed, dogs came up and barked and showed their teeth, the wolves howled, the crocodiles wept, the vultures hovered around and sharpened their beaks, the ravens croaked dismally, the parrots all exclaimed: "I told you so!" and the owls shrieked out that the lion would most certainly be drowned. And so he would have been for all the help they gave him. But in the midst of the excitement an elephant walked silently and slowly to the spot, and, pulling up a tree by the roots, threw it out into the stream; so the lion clambered out, whilst the elephant held the tree by the roots. The other birds and beasts soon disappeared, excepting a cock, which stood on the bank and crowed very loudly as the lion shook himself. "Ah," said the lion, after he had thanked the elephant, "for all your crowing, Mr. Cock, I don't see that you helped me much more than the croakers and the chatters, and the rest of the crew. I see that it is not the noisy and talkative animals in this world who give the most help and do the most service."

Moral: Don't expect anything practical from the croakers, or the crows, or the chatters.



THE AMBITIOUS MONKEY.



An ambitious young monkey, who had run away from home to seek his fortune, sent a letter to his parents at Christmas to inform them that he was in a great city and had won much glory and fame. Wherever he went, he said, he had music attending him, and crowds following and gazing at him, who presented him with money, nuts, and other gifts. He was dressed in a crimson garment trimmed with gold, and wore a gay cap with a feather in it. He also wore a chain, attached to a handsome collar.

And old Mrs. Monkey felt very proud of her clever son, and of his great success in life. And all the little monkeys who heard of his grandeur envied him.

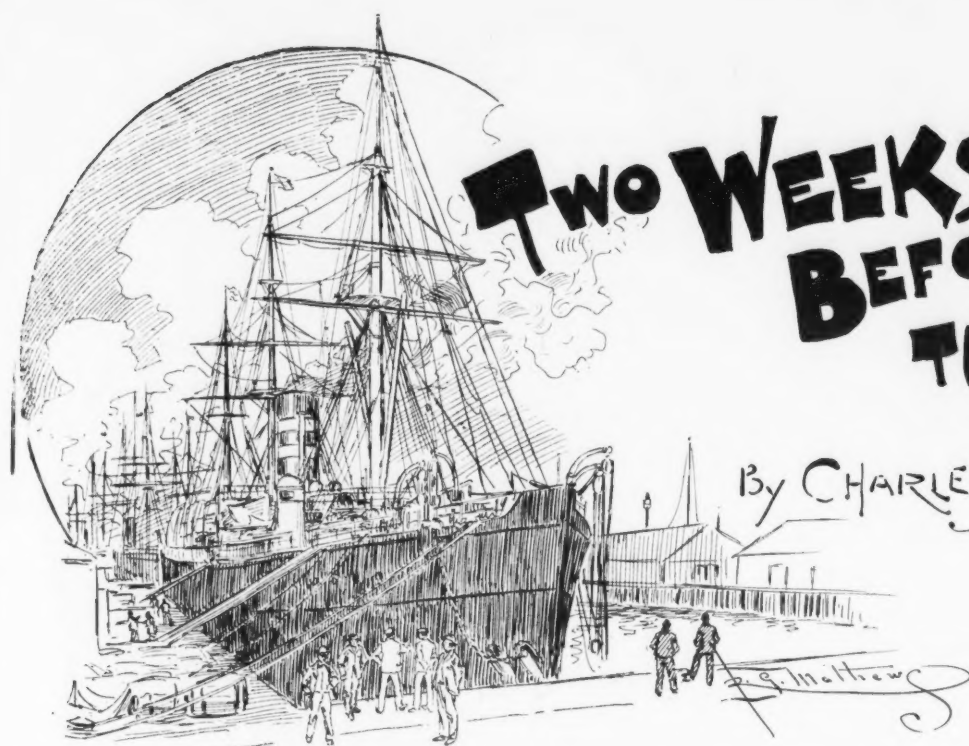
But old Mr. Monkey shook his head, for he had seen something of the world, and he knew that this young monkey, in spite of his boasting, would gladly give his ears, and his tail, too, to escape from his organ and his chain to enjoy once more the freedom of his native forest.

Moral: Fame is often another name for slavery.



TROUT FISHING IN MUSKOKA, CANADA.

Drawn by A. H. H. Heming.



TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE MAST

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

I.

Seven men from all the world back to docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road, drunk and raising Cain;
Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the "Bolivar" out across the bay!

—Kipling.

SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE is not an over-burdening capital to make a trip from London to America on, but it can be done. It costs that to find out the way. There are several thousand very desirable young men in the Old Country who are wasting valuable years reading Government immigration literature and saving money in order to get to the Western plains of America, and this simple story may be of some use to them.

"I'd take a Cunarder," recommended Burton of the *New*, the night of the farewell supper in "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" off Fleet street.

"No," said a *Graphic* man; "you can run down to Southampton in the morning and catch one of the American liners in the afternoon."

And they discussed the merits of the trans-Atlantic steam-ship companies. I told them that all lines were alike to me; that I had to be in America by a certain time, and that I wasn't particular how I got there; and I caressed the seven-and-sixpence in my right-hand pocket and conjured up a double state-room amidships, right hand at the captain's table, and some of them said they envied me the trip. I told them I would think over what line I would take, and I did. I thought over the matter three days and three nights, and after becoming tolerably well acquainted with Whitechapel, Mile End road, Petticoat lane and Ratcliffe Highway, I found myself in Queer street.

Studying the ways of the "submerged tenth" is not a fascinating pursuit when you happen to be one of the tenth. A Wednesday afternoon excursion during Lent, with a High Church curate and two or more pretty girls, is slumming under favorable circumstances; the other has its drawbacks.

A shilling had made me a full-fledged member of the Federation of Sailors and Dock Laborers, and a two days' attendance on its shipping office and that of the Board of Trade convinced me that the said shilling was wasted. There were several hundred sailor men attending on a similar errand, with discharges and certificates that bulged their wallets out, and as my certificates were not exactly marine, it struck me that a shipping agent would think more of a paper that showed the bearer was entitled to put A. B. (able seaman) after his name than one that reversed those letters. I felt that documents setting forth in choice Latin that the applicant was learned in the law would not be considered as guaranteeing any aptitude to furl a sail, splice a rope or do a turn at the wheel, and I didn't present them. I thought about the kindly advice

given me as to the line I should take, but on the third night, after feeling my pockets and fourpence, I didn't feel like taking a Cunarder or an American, or even one of the White Star boats. I said to myself that I must not be too particular, but go and look up a ship for myself. When a man has to go to a place, the best thing for him to do is not to stand on the order of his going, but go. Any old thing would do. And that same night I walked twenty-seven miles. In this way a man can know London, give himself healthy exercise, get to where he is going and save 'bus fare.

Promenading for twenty-four hours along the banks of the Thames in a drizzling rain is not conducive to the smartness of a man's appearance. When this is done on expectation and a fourpenny dinner, you don't feel exactly like strolling into a captain's cabin and politely informing him that you are in a position to offer your valuable services before the mast to take his ship across the Atlantic. Ship-captains' ways are not drawing-room ways, and they have a painful habit of telling you to get to — out of that, that they are full. And some of them were. That is how I got to New York. A third mate was gentlemanly drunk. He was young and had been trifling with Jamaica rum. No one who hasn't weathered the wintry seas for at least a quarter of a century has any right to trifle with Jamaica rum. It is deceptive. And this young man had been doing the "jolly tar" act for the benefit of some landmen guests in his cabin. I caught him bidding them good-night and helped him to his feet after he stumbled over some ship's cargo on the Albert Docks. He was grateful. Yes, they were short-handed and would sail at ten that night. He didn't believe I was a sailor, but the boatswain reported several A. B.'s as disgracefully intoxicated (here he hiccupped), somewhere or other, and the insurance called for a certain number and I would have a chance. I was to stand at the foot of the gang-way when they were about to pull out, and if he raised his arm I was to jump her.

"You're not much to look at," he said as he eyed the graceful outlines of my symmetrical form, "but you'll do on a pinch." I thanked him for the compliment.

About half-past ten the boatswain's whistle could be heard and as his gruff order, "Stand by to haul in the gangway," was given, any casual observer in the neighborhood might have seen the figure of him who "would do on a pinch" in an expectant attitude at the foot thereof.

"Yo—heave," sang out the boatswain; an arm went up—"Ho!" and the gangway and I were on board. The screw began to churn the water, the tugs puffed at her bow, the boatswain swore and the steamship Arizona, outward bound, with a general cargo for New York, slowly fell down the river and I went and sat on a coil of rope and tried to feel like an old salt.

I didn't wish to take too aggressive a stand until we were clear of the river. The captain might not be as well disposed as the third officer, nor as drunk. He wasn't.

We were nearing Gravesend and I was watching the countless vessels that loomed out of the darkness like huge bats, when a heavy hand fell on my shoulder and the same voice that had given the time for the hauling in of the gangway, and my first appearance as an able-bodied seaman, asked in a decidedly personal tone, "Who in — are you?" I didn't altogether like to tell him to sit down and I would give him a short story of my life from my birth, although he asked as if he wanted to know. So I gave a hitch to my trousers (every sailor I had ever known—they belonged to H. M. S. Pinafore and a "Sailor's Sweetheart" companies—always hitched his trousers on all possible occasions), and with my Christy-stiff stuck nautically on the back of my head, answered, "Shiver my timbers, I'm one of the crew." One should always assert his position at the outset. He muttered, "May I be d—d." When I expressed the hope that he wouldn't, his jaw seemed to drop with surprise, and in a voice that was half-stifled with emotion at meeting with one that took such kindly interest in his welfare, he asked, "What watch are you in?" I told him it was good of him to take such interest in a perfect stranger, but there was no necessity of his feeling anxious and losing sleep about a little matter like that. I would gladly go into either the larboard or the starboard watch; I didn't care which. I would leave it to him. He looked at me half-fearfully for a minute, as if he thought he had run up against a lunatic at large or some strange animal, and said, "Look here, you stop where you are; don't move. I'm going off to the captain." I asked him not to hurry on my account; I didn't mind waiting. It was just as well, I thought, to be polite and considerate to the boatswain, as we might meet *en voyage*.

We did.

As this veracious story may be embodied in some immigration literature by the Canadian Government, I would here point out that November is a rather unfortunate month for North Atlantic navigation. It is too cold. I know I stood for three exceptionally long hours on the lower bridge of the Arizona, and nearly froze in a morning coat and a felt hat, awaiting the captain's pleasure. In pursuance of my intention of not causing any more inconvenience than necessary, I didn't interrupt him. He was busy with the pilot in getting his vessel through the maze of shipping down the tortuous course of the Thames. I suppose, not knowing how uncomfortable I was, he didn't care to tie up at one of the docks in order to interview me.

We were almost at the Nore when he found time, luckily before I was altogether frozen to death. He came down from the bridge and took a stiff glass of grog handed him by the steward. If there is anything I object to, on temperance principles, it is the habit of drinking alone. He seemed to be bracing himself up for the interview. After a cursory glance at me, he also was possessed with the same overwhelming curiosity as the boatswain, for he immediately enquired: "Who in — are you?" I should have felt flattered at this intense desire on the part of the ship's officers, high and low, to know me, but the weather-beaten face of the captain wasn't wearing what might be called a flattering expression. I ransacked my memory of The Ancient Mariner, Captain Marryat and Clarke Russell for a seaman-like style of conversation, but it apparently failed to impress him with the idea that I was one of those who were in the habit of going down to the sea in ships. He swore. For impromptu, off-hand, easy swearing, it was the most artistic, well rounded exhibition I had ever listened to, and it didn't seem to cause him any effort. It

flowed gently and evenly, without any hemming and hawing. I felt disposed to congratulate him on his obvious gift, but didn't, for he wound up by informing me that I would go ashore with the pilot at Dover. I restrained any remarks as to my not feeling any yearning desire to accompany the pilot to that historic town, as I also restrained any enquiries as to the condition of the walking of the roads between it and London. I simply told the truth. This is where this story can also be used in Sunday school libraries. It can go down in history as the time when I told the truth. George Washington got to be President of the United States on account of a little truth-telling. I got to America. Occasions do arise in every man's life when the truth is the best thing he can go in for. This is the moral. The third officer was standing behind me, and when the captain smiled incredulously he said: "The man is speaking the truth, sir. We were short in the fore-castle and I told him to come aboard."

"Can you go aloft?" demanded the skipper abruptly.

I didn't know whether I could or not, but thought I might as well give myself the benefit of any doubt that might be lurking around, so I recklessly said, "Yes, sir."

He pointed to the foremast. "Go," said he laconically.

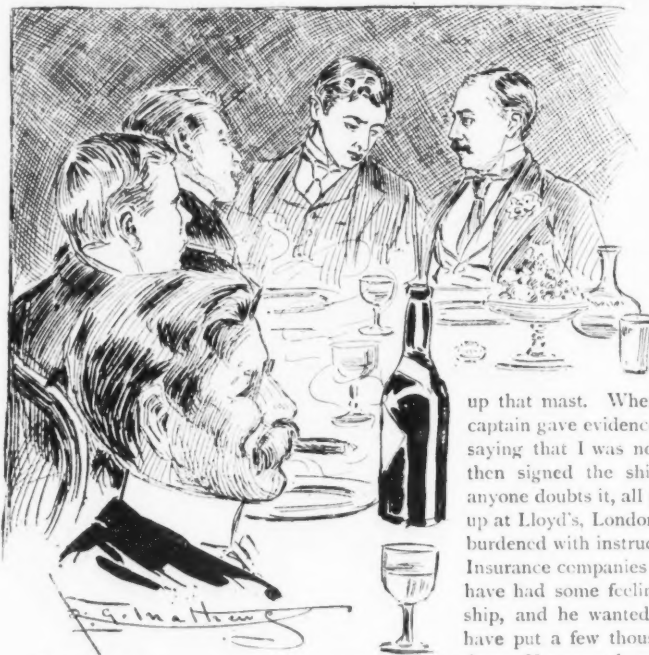
I never thought a little word could mean so much as that word "go"

meant to me. I had heard sermons preached on the word "no," but there was more in that "go" than in all the "no's" I ever heard. But I knew that it was a case of Dover to London on foot or up the foremast, and the latter was shorter. When I got to the top of the rigging a fervent, silent thanksgiving went up from my heart that I had selected a steamship instead of a full-rigged ship. The Arizona was beginning to feel the Channel swell, and I shut my eyes and held on like grim death. I knew that I would prefer walking from Land's End to John o' Groats to traveling another yard

up that mast. When I returned to the lower bridge the captain gave evidence of his powers of perception by kindly saying that I was no sailor, but would do. And I did. I then signed the ship's articles as an able seaman. If anyone doubts it, all that is necessary is to hunt the matter up at Lloyd's, London, Eng. The Dover pilot went ashore burdened with instruction to wire that important fact there. Insurance companies are very careful, and the captain may have had some feeling that his last man might wreck the ship, and he wanted to be sure of insurance. He might have put a few thousand pounds more on if he had had time. He seemed resigned to his fate when he told me to "go for'd," which I did, and nearly fell down an open

hatch, thereby realizing that a sailor's life was full of peril.

I knew that the fore-castle was "for'd," and I thought that everything being considered I had better put up there for the voyage, and I prowled around for something in the way of a bunk or a hammock, or anything that I could lie down on or in, for I was sleepy, tired and hungry all at the same time. I had read about fore-castles, and went down and down until I got to the lowest place in the bow fitted up with bunks, and seeing an empty one, threw myself on it. I couldn't have been asleep five minutes when I thought someone was trying to haul me out of my couch by the hair of the head and the throat, and my suspicion proved correct. The gentleman who was assisting me to rise in that emphatic and unmistakable manner was naked to the waist, and his face and body were as black as a chimney-sweep. He spoke to me. He held the floor for about ten minutes, in which he had time to tell me in Cockney language that wouldn't stand even dashes or asterisks in any self-respecting publication, that I was in his bunk and that he could knock me into the most peculiar shapes if I wanted him to. I didn't want him to, for by this time it had dawned on me that I was in the firemen's fore-castle and that the gentleman who had been so urgent with me wished to turn in after his four hours' watch in the fire-hole. I told him that under the circumstances he could have the bunk. He then



"I'D TAKE A CUNARDER," SAID BURTON.

looked at me with the same eager curiosity that had marked the captain and boatswain, and asked: "Who in — are you?" But he forgot the aspirate. I drew myself haughtily up, for I knew who I was by that time, and I told him that I was one of the able seamen. The expression of that fireman's face as I went up the hatch trying not to look put out as I whistled:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

was something that still lingers in my memory. I sought out the coil of rope that I was acquainted with, under the shadow of the forward winch, and sat and watched the lights and listened to the tooting of the buoys on Goodwin Sands, till, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," I was in the land of dreams.

"Oh, there ye are, mate," I heard the voice that had yo-heave-ho'd me into a sailor's life, say. "I thought you'd fallen overboard." As I opened my eyes I could see that day was breaking and the boatswain, hose in hand, superintending that interesting morning pastime known as "washing down decks." I didn't see anything else for a few minutes, for the hose, inadvertently, as it were, pointed at my face. At about a four-foot range a steam pump can do considerable execution with salt water. It wakened me. Yes, it wakened me up and ended my first night before the mast.

II.

"De wind she blow, blow, blow,
Bye-bye she blow some more."

—DRUMMOND.

THE boatswain apparently wanted my valuable assistance in that intellectual part of every able seaman's duties known as "washing down the decks." He seemed to be anxious about it, for he bellowed, "Lay to, ye —," and threw a scrubbing-brush at my head. And I laid to. I knew that the correct and proper thing when one is leaving England is to pathetically lean your chin on your hands on a carefully selected portion of the bulwarks, and through a mist of tears gaze longingly for fifteen minutes on the white cliffs of Albion growing dim in the distance, and then go and write your emotions in a diary. A few verses, each beginning with "Farewell!" are appropriate; but I caught a look in the boatswain's eye that wasn't altogether sympathetic and I went on scrubbing the deck. Those verses are yet unwritten. They have to be perpetrated at the time the fit is on. Fits of this kind can be cured by scrubbing down decks. Your whole soul is so wrapped up that the muses refrain from whispering just then, but the boatswain doesn't. When you scrub decks in a cold November morning in a rising sea, with a boatswain with whom you happen to be unpopular holding the hose, you haven't time to think.

You feel essentially prosaic. Waltzing carelessly around in your bare feet, dislocating toes and chipping pieces off your ankles against stanchions, winches and hatches, operates against poetical feelings. As a preventive of *mal de mer*, swabbing decks under the eagle eye of a free and easy conversationalist like our boatswain is infallible.

I had been across the North Atlantic three or four times, and the moment we struck the ocean swell I always retired and responded for a couple of days to every swell we met, and we met several, but then I had a cabin to throw myself in and a couple of obsequious stewards to suggest remedies. A man under these circumstances has the right to luxuriate in as much seasickness as he feels like enjoying. It is thrown in with his passage. But when you are washing down decks in November you don't feel like it. The part of your anatomy that bothers you

most is your feet; when you bark about three inches off your shin on the forward winch, your whole attention becomes concentrated right there. It never wanders. The rest of you can take care of itself.

I was beginning to wonder if sailors were like an actor I knew, who said that he only ate occasionally, and there was a gone feeling about my belt, that was, however, urgently present when the boatswain told us to lay off for breakfast. He pointed to some tinware in a locker of the fo'c'sle and told me to "go up to the galley and get the chuck." I went and I got it all right. The cook placed a dish of some sort of thin stew in one hand, a coffee-pot in another, and a big tin arrangement laden with bread across both my arms, and let me loose on deck. The wind was rising, and right in our eye at that, and the waves caught the Arizona in such a way on the front bow that when she rose on the top of a sea she sort of stood on her hind legs for a few seconds and shook herself. This has a tendency to demoralize a man's standing if he hasn't his sea-legs with him and has seven hungry men's breakfasts distributed over his extended arms.

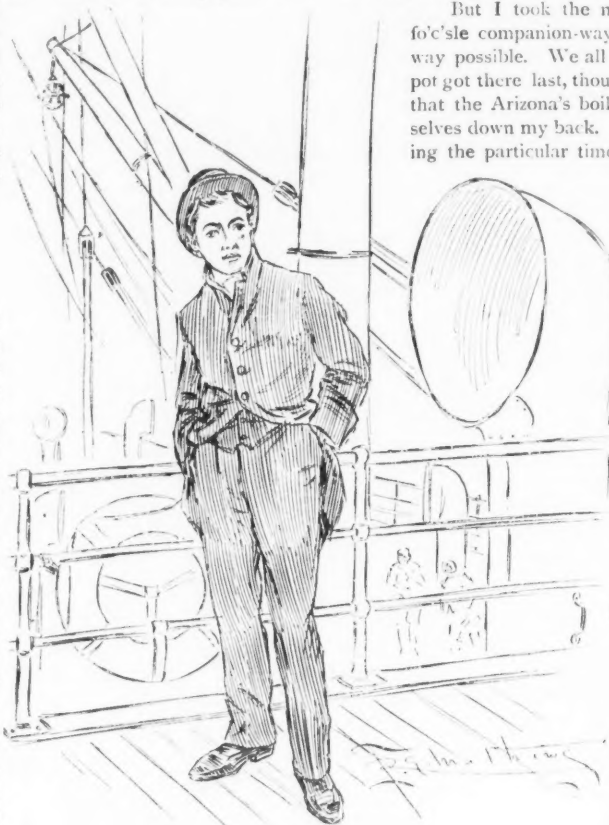
But I took the men their breakfast. I took it down the fo'c'sle companion-way, head first, in the most companionable way possible. We all went down together. I think the coffee-pot got there last, though, for I thought for a few fearful seconds that the Arizona's boilers had burst and were emptying themselves down my back. I felt quite cross with the ship for choosing the particular time I should strike the top of the hatch, to

get up and indulge in that bewildering, convulsive shake. The sailor men looked cross also, but as for the boatswain, for fully two minutes he was speechless. Yet, if a look could have killed, this story would never have been written. There was murder in his eye. At last, in a voice husky with emotion, he whispered: "Where's the chuck?" I thought that of all the ridiculous questions a petty officer of a well conducted ship's company could ask, that was the worst. There was the coffee gently flowing to and fro and mixing judiciously with the stew on the fo'c'sle deck as the ship rose and fell. Anybody could see it. The bread was there, and one loaf was even caroming up against his legs every time the vessel rolled. He looked at me as if I had come back without the rations. He again asked in a whisper that sounded like the melancholy wail-scream of a sea-bird, "Where is the chuck?" I felt hurt. Anybody that fell ten feet down a fo'c'sle hatch on his head and mixes himself up externally with a lot of breakfast, only to have impertinent questions asked by a man who is supposed to have eyesight, has a right to

feel hurt. With a comprehensive wave of my hand, for I couldn't trust myself to speak, I pointed to the seven breakfasts. And the Arizona still ploughed her way westward.

We were taking the last mouthful of coffee that the boatswain's mate had procured from the cook by explaining that a lob-sided, long-haired lump of a land-lubber (for that was the manner in which the last able seaman to join, and the author of this sea story, was picturesquely described) had spilled their rations, when the boatswain yelled down the hatch, "Tumble up. Tumble up, my bullies. All hands to lower sails." You see, the Arizona was a steamship. Anybody could tell that by the funnel, but she had three masts. They were there largely on the same principle as a brass knocker on a woodshed, more for ornament than use, but were used occasionally to run sails up on to steady her, or when the captain was in a sentimental mood and wanted to be reminded of other days, and felt that the fo'c'sle hands wanted something to do. The wind by this time was blowing stiffly from the nor'east, and showed signs of growing stiffer.

"Going to be dirty weather," said one of my mates as we furled the



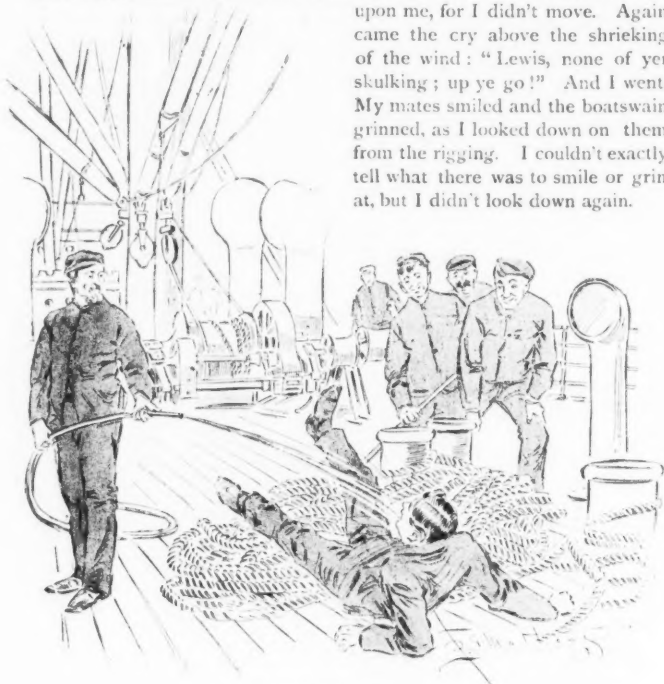
I WAITED THREE LONG HOURS.

sail on the yard of the mainmast. I looked as knowing as I could and endorsed his statement.

"Look alive, there!" was roared down from the bridge by the captain himself, and we started to lower the sail on the foremast.

The wind was rapidly becoming a gale, and the spray dashed over our heads as we paid out the ropes forward. Something went wrong aloft. What it was I haven't the faintest idea, but the boatswain had, for he yelled out my name, and above the howling of the wind and the swish of the waves explained for a few brief sentences what was the matter. I won't translate his remarks. I cannot. It was Sanscrit to me. I only knew that the sail was stuck about half-way up the mast and that he wished me to set matters right, and let the ship go on. It was flattering, it was considerate of my self-esteem to call upon a new-comer, almost a perfect stranger, in the presence of half a dozen weather-beaten mariners and under the eye of the very captain himself, to help them out of their difficulty in their hour of need. Sometimes, when thinking of that momentous voyage, the pleasant thought rushes in that the boatswain remembered the lost stew and the breakfast of bread and coffee, but I thrust it from me. I must have been overwhelmed with the honor thrust

upon me, for I didn't move. Again came the cry above the shrieking of the wind: "Lewis, none of yer skulking; up ye go!" And I went. My mates smiled and the boatswain grinned, as I looked down on them from the rigging. I couldn't exactly tell what there was to smile or grin at, but I didn't look down again.



THE HOSE POINTED AT MY FACE.

There is something about the way a ship wobbles about in a heavy sea when you look over the weary waste of waters and then curiously glance downward, that is anything but pleasant. When it is your first time aloft you realize what a little chip the wave-tossed vessel is on the ocean of life, and that it is all that is between you and the unknown depths of death, and you then understand what a small creature you are and what an insignificant thing an ocean steamship is in the presence of the illimitable forces of the Ruler of Nature.

I tried to laugh at myself for feeling nervous about going aloft on a steamship, but it wasn't a cheerful laugh. When the Arizona took a plunge, bow first, down into the seething gulf of dark waters, I quietly and unobtrusively held on; when she heaved up like a vicious stallion and quivered so that I could hardly hold on to my principles, the last lingering remnants of a desire for "home on the bounding wave" evaporated. One of the sliding hoops had caught on the top of the rigging. I saw what was the matter, and was about slipping it off with one hand, when the Arizona got in one of its most convulsive quivers. It seemed that she always took a mean advantage of me. Anyway, she shook me off. I took in the half-lowered sail in my descent, and my fall was the only thing broken. Boatswain and crew rushed to me as I lay on the deck, thinking I was dead. I wasn't, but I was mad. If there was any one thing that I thought I could do on board a ship, or anywhere else for that matter, it was climbing. I knew that I would be the

butt of the fo'c'sle for the rest of my voyage, and felt that life wouldn't be worth living under those circumstances. I did some swift thinking, and in two minutes loosened the hoop and let the foresail down with a rush. The boatswain didn't look nearly so glumly at me when I came down, and my two weeks before the mast were not as bitter as they might have been.

III.

When the dawn winds, softly sighing,
Bring to burning eye-lids sleep.

—KIPLING.

IT was my first gale and, taking everything into consideration, was a very creditable one. When the North Atlantic gets down to business in November, with the assistance of a north-easter, you are aware of it. Whenever I crossed the northern ocean in other days, I did so in the saloon. A gale can be enjoyed, if there is any enjoyment in it, under those circumstances. But the wayward sea always kept as calm as a mill-pond and I had to take my gales from Mr. Russell and the late Capt. Marryat. That probably is the best way. A North Atlantic storm in slippers and dressing-gown, before a glowing grate, is pleasant. Before the mast it is otherwise; very much so when it is your first day out and things aren't ship-shape.

On the passenger boats in bad weather you may have to incur the danger of emptying your soup in your lap, or being in immediate peril of being thrown from your berth, but a sailor man runs no such risk. He doesn't trifle with any soup and hasn't the chance of getting into a berth. He is strewn around the deck.

I had often longed for a gale, just to see what the thing was like. I saw it. Why it should come along when I was not exactly in a position to receive it, can be put down to fate. It did not come up in a hurry, but it got there just the same.

It took all day to get up to a certain pitch, and then it stayed right with us, although about half an hour of it satisfied any curiosity I had. I shan't describe it. Any sea-novel has a gale in it. You can select any one of them, and it will do. If the sea-novel hasn't a chapter devoted to a gale, it isn't a sea-novel and you can ask for your money back. I knew it the moment it showed up. It was the same old gale I had waded through a couple of hundred times in my slippers. I took off my boots for it this time.

"All hands make fast!" yelled the boatswain after dinner, and in half an hour everything capable of being swept overboard was firmly tied, the bridges, cabins, cook's galley, etc., were braced, while I found considerable difficulty in making myself fast without bothering about anything else, for the Arizona was beginning to plunge around in a way that was "painful and free." I was tenderly embracing a stanchion with both arms, making it as fast as I knew how, and incidentally myself, when I saw Big Dave's head and shoulders appear at the fo'c'sle hatch. Big Dave was a north country giant of about forty years of age, and in our watch. The boatswain had noticed that something was the matter with him during the morning. He hadn't eaten anything at either breakfast or dinner, and I heard the pannikin rattle against his teeth as he tried to take his coffee. He was told to turn into his bunk. As we went up on deck one of the sailors muttered, "Dave'll have the jim-jams again," and I remembered the trembling of the hands, the twitching of the strong face and the wild look in the blood-shot eyes. That wild look was intensified in the pale face that I saw at the hatch. There was no mistaking it. Big Dave was mad. The sudden deprivation of stimulants, after a prolonged debauch, had brought on *delirium tremens*. The third officer on the bridge and myself were the only ones who saw him; all others on deck were too busy to watch the uncanny face at the hatchway.

"Pass the word from the boatswain to the bridge," was given out. There was a whispered colloquy between the mate and the boatswain, and the latter came forward. Big Dave saw him and leaped on deck. The boatswain said to those of us around him, "Stand by to hold him," and we stood by.

"Stand back, ye devils from hell; stand back! Dinna coom near or I'll brain ye," screamed Dave as the boatswain kept going forward.

The athletic figure of the madman was in a half crouching position, like a wild beast about to make a spring. The face was frightfully contorted with mingled horror and rage, and his extended hands worked convulsively, like the claws of an enraged tiger. It was a fearful, a awful sight. The boatswain never flinched. He kept advancing. He

was within two yards of the unfortunate man when, with a scream so piercing in its intensity that it rose high above the noise of the storm, he dashed to the rigging of the foremast. Hand over hand he climbed to the top and with a swing was standing easily and apparently unconcerned in the place that had a few hours before, in comparatively little sea, made me lose my head. The vessel rose and fell, rocked and tossed, but, standing on one foot, with one hand only clasping the rope, he gave a laugh of triumph that was almost inhuman in its unnaturalness.

"He is the smartest sailor on the northern ocean and as strong as any two men aboard," said the man standing before me, as we held to the bulwarks and stooped to let the comber of a huge wave dash over us. And I wondered how Big Dave was going to be captured to prevent his own undoing. In weather which seemed to suit the stormy state of his own unsettled mind he would undoubtedly go overboard some way or other. But the boatswain was a man of brains. He knew the complaint and he knew his man. If he had been a prohibitionist he would have kindly but firmly spoken to Big Dave on the errors of his ways and the evil of strong drink, and asked him to come down and sign the pledge. And then Big Dave would have gone down to posterity in statistics. Instead, he shrieked up to Big Dave that he was the lowest kind of a sea-dog he had ever had the hard luck to be mess-mate of, that he was no sailor and did not know a marlin-spike from the main-mast, that he was a lubberly landsman that had gone to sea to keep out of gaol, that he was a coward and was afraid to come down and try a fall with a man half his size. He called him everything that his extensive vocabulary of seafaring abuse and dock vituperative permitted. But Big Dave didn't come down and the only reply was that horrible laugh of the madman.

"Ye dassen't," screamed the boatswain. "Ye Cumberland coward. Ye dassen't. Ye're all alike in the North, ye clod-hopping dalesmen. Yer men are a' cowards and yer women all—"

Big Dave moved swiftly down the rigging two or three steps.

"That's the tack, bos'n," I heard the third mate say. "Give it to him along that line."

And this the boatswain did, and became explicit. Two sentences hadn't passed his lips before Big Dave was on deck rushing like a mad bull at the traducer of women. The little boatswain ducked and caught his athletic assailant around the waist while we threw ourselves on him.

The struggle was fierce, but Big Dave seemed gifted with super-human strength as we tried to bear him to the deck of the tossing vessel. We had almost succeeded, when the man at the wheel, interested no doubt in the fight below him, let the Arizona fall off into the sea. She rolled almost on her side. Some of us lost our feet, and the dalesman shook us off as a stag would a pack of terriers, and bounded towards the bulwarks. He was about to leap, when the third mate, who hadn't taken part in the scrimmage, dashed from under the bridge and laid the would-be suicide senseless on the deck with a blow from a hand-spike.

"Take the poor devil below and tie him in his bunk," said he. "Better have a watch on him." And we carried Big Dave's helpless body down the hatchway, the blood from the wound in his head dyeing every step.

A smart sailor and a good ship mate, quiet, obliging, and a hard worker aloft, always mad-drunk ashore—this was Big Dave's life as the crew of the Arizona knew it. "Saw him jump after a prentice blown off the main yard in a squall off the west coast," said a sailor as we discussed him at supper. "Aye, mate," added another, "knocked the daylights out of a couple of bobbies for clubbin' a slip of a girl one night on the highway." The subject of the conversation lay lashed to his bunk struggling back from unconsciousness to delirium.

It promised to be a wild night, but the boatswain seemed to be under the impression that the Arizona crew could be handled without my valuable assistance. He told me to stay below and keep watch on Big Dave. It didn't strike me that it would be cheerful down there in the fo'c'sle, with no light except a dim swaying lantern, and no companionship save the groans and mutterings of a delirious madman. It wasn't; and before many hours of that awful night had gone by, watching the frenzied struggles and listening to the fearful shrieks of the unfortunate man, I longed to be on deck. Better far the howling of the gale, the cold and wet of the waves, the tossing to and fro of the storm driven deck, than to listen to the storming, the wrenching, and tearing apart of a human soul. It cannot be written. That life story

told in suffering and delirium midst the crashing of the waves and the screaming of the wind should be heard by none but God himself. Sometimes when listening to the namby-pamby fanaticism of the average temperance (?) lecturer on the awful appetite created by communion wine, and the alcoholic ingredients of puddings and pies of the home table; sometimes when reading the reports of meetings of mannish women and womanish men, of unworldly girls and ignorant bigots, who, resolute, petition, elect officers and enjoy a sensational debate as to whether tobacco is not akin to alcohol in its dire effects on the progress of Christianity, I wish that these people who would arrogantly control what God himself does not—the soul, the heart, the brain of mankind—by act of parliament, could have heard Big Dave's story that night. I only wish it for a few minutes, for I know they would not understand. They believe, they *must* believe, these presumptuous scanners of the surface of things, that what God himself does not do can be enforced by government.

Along in the dog-watch the third mate, my friend of the gang-way, came down.

"Give him a small drink every hour or so if he is bad," he said, handing me a bottle of brandy. I did; and in the calm brought on by this stimulant he talked, and that is where I heard his story.

"*Cherchez la femme*," says the French proverb, and it applied. A dozen words would suffice, for it is a world-old story. A vain girl, himself, a plighted troth, an absence, a scoundrel, then a ruined woman, a scoundrel's flight, and—this man lashed to the bunk.

"A would kill'im if a could find him. But I can't. For she wor more than the world than was heaven to me," he said as the day was breaking, and I never hear the Cumberland burr redolent of the lakes and dale of a borderland without a start.

"Take another drink and try to sleep, and you'll be all right by morn," I told him, and when I heard the men climbing down the hatchway I took one of the pinioned hands and said, "Good-bye, mate." For I never would be as close to any man's soul as I was to Big Dave's that night.

IV.

There was five, five, five, down below,
There was five, five, five, down below,
There was five, five, five,
There was five, five, five,
There was five, five, five down below.

(Old sea song).

THE gale went down in the customary manner. It hadn't done the ship or anybody on board any harm, except a fireman who was thrown against a boiler in the fire-hole and burnt his arm. The boatswain told about it at the breakfast and we were sorry. I was the sorriest, for I was informed that the correct and proper etiquette under the circumstances was for the last signed able seaman to take the injured fireman's place. When the boatswain said politely that the officers of the Arizona looked upon me to keep up the traditions of the British merchant marine, anticipation of the fire-hole, so contrary is human nature, made



me shiver. I had seen a couple of stokers in a dead faint hauled out of the fire-hole once by a block and tackle on a vessel in the Red Sea after only a half-hour spell. When I learned that I would have only two hours on and four off I didn't say anything, but just gasped. The others were not unfriendly to any extent; in fact, they were quite cheerful about it. They seemed to look upon two hours in the fire-hole as a sort of joke, so much so that I told one of my mess-mates that if there was so much fun about two hours on and four off in the fire-hole he could have my place. I was no hog, and didn't want all the favors on my first voyage. He said that he didn't either; holystoning the deck on a bright, cool November day was good enough for him.

That was my first visit to the fire-hole of any ship and my last. I have never hankered after fire-holes of ocean-going vessels since. I lost my taste for them. Another visit might call up painful memories and I would like to forget those two hours of my life.

The third engineer in whose charge I was placed, conducted me tenderly down half a dozen ladders, through a series of grated grid-irons, in the direction of the fire-hole. I knew I was getting near it, for, as the children say in "hide the handkerchief," I was "getting hot." At the foot of the last ladder I turned and saw what, in the weird light of the blazing, seething furnaces, seemed two black demons frantically shoveling coal into them, while a blast of scorching hot air made me throw my arm across my face. The engineer, as he handed me the business end of the shovel, told me to "keep cool," but if I let anything in the neighborhood of that boiler (he pointed to one) "cool for four seconds, something would happen." He didn't explain whether it was the boiler or I that would blow up, but he insinuated something in the blowing up line.

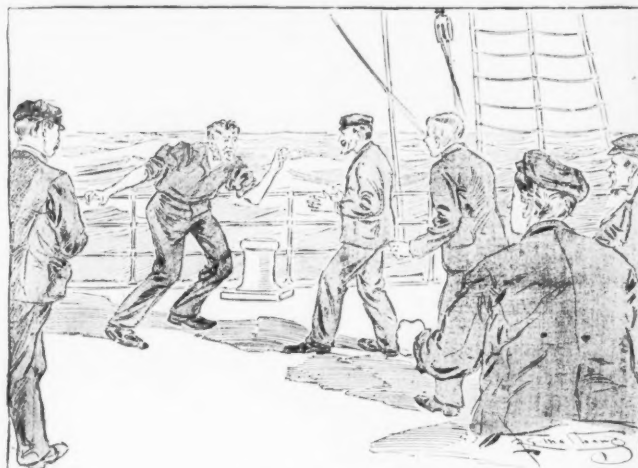
He told me a lot of other things regarding which my education had been neglected, and left me toying with the shovel, while the man I was relieving threw me his sweat-cloth, for I was not exactly equipped for firing when I boarded the Arizona. I found out, however, in three minutes, that a stoker does not require much equipment in the clothing line. The less the better.

Firing is one of the fine arts. In the first place, no attempt should be made to cultivate it unless a man has a natural inclination that way. Looking back I can candidly admit that I hadn't. As a pastime or recreation it is a mistake. The student should also approach the higher branches of the art gradually. I found myself that the transition from the staff of a cool, sober, self-respecting London newspaper to the fire-hole was too sudden. Any latent talent in the firing line that I might have possessed, hadn't time to develop.

No description of the art of firing—like that of music, poetry or painting—gives an adequate idea of it. It has got to be felt. If I had been properly trained I might not have felt it so overwhelmingly. If I had started in by taking a preliminary canter through a Soudanese summer, spent the winter in the hottest chamber of a Turkish bath, and then tried a few weeks in a baker's oven, with steady exercise with Indian clubs and dumb-bells, I might have made a more presentable showing than I did on positively my last public appearance in the role of fireman. And the professional stoker appearing with me might

not have scorned me. It is an awful, a humiliating thing, to be scorned by a stoker. And they have such a way of expressing their scorn. When the said critic is a Cockney who imagines he has caught one of that large and incomprehensible class which he elegantly designates as "toffs," his scorn is as scorching as the blast from the furnace. At the expiration of the first fifteen minutes I disliked that professional stoker. In half an hour

I hated him. His remarks on the manner in which I threw in the coal and raked my fires were personal in the extreme. When a man's back feels as if it had been broken in two or three places and the heat is so intense that it almost dries the perspiration that is pumping out from every pore, he wouldn't be good-natured with an angel, and that stoker wasn't one. Angels are not employed on the trans-Atlantic passage, and they



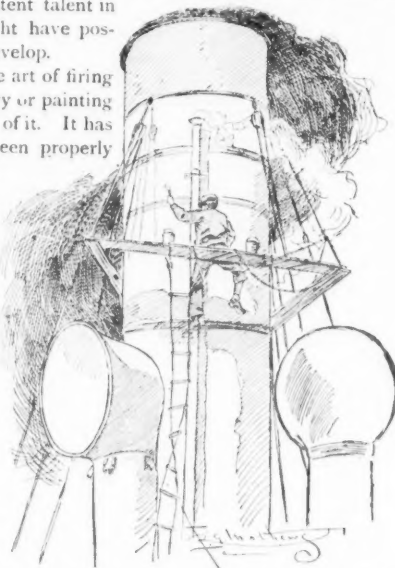
BIG DAVE WAS ON DECK, RUSHING LIKE A MAD BULL.

are particularly out of place in the broiling temperature of the fire-hole. During the next hour the only pleasure I had was in conceiving thoughts of murdering that stoker. You can imagine how pushed a man is for pleasure in a fire-hole. I had cleaved the head of the gentleman open (in imagination) with my fire-shovel, thrown him into the furnace, and was just debating in my mind whether I should explain his disappearance by saying that he had gone on deck and fallen overboard, or defend my action on the ground of self-defence, when I got wobbly on my legs, the fire-places began to swing wildly around my head, the voice of the stoker grew indistinct, and I fainted. I keeled over on a heap of cold cinders which were used in banking the fires. They didn't seem to be wanted just then, so I used them. It wasn't much of a faint, but it was the best I could do. I have, however, seen a lady do better in church, and even an eighteen-year old girl, without any effort at that early age, effected a first-class faint once that broke up the best dance of the season. But the Arizona went right on. However, the best kind of faints would have been out of place down in that fire-place. There wasn't any *eau de cologne* or smelling-salts that go with a respectable faint, at least, none that the stoker could find, for he dashed a pail of iced drinking-water over my head and yelled: "Get up and no sojerin." The third engineer, coming down a few minutes afterwards, raked him for wasting the water. When I was slowly crawling on deck at the end of two hours and the beginning of the four hours off, the chief engineer looked at me and said that the injured fireman's arm was better and that, anyway, I wasn't exactly cut out for a fireman. When I think of it, I don't believe I was. The climate wasn't suitable.

This story is told for the purpose of removing from the mind of the youth of this country the idea that life before the mast consists entirely of rescuing marooned sailors, inhabiting coral islands, lolling on snow-white decks, whistling for a favorable breeze, and telling cheerful ghost stories in the fo'c'sle.

In this age of steam and electricity there are fire-holes and there is no romance in them. Even a disembodied ghost refuses to go into a fire-hole. If an adventurous youth will insist on mounting the glistening foam as an able seaman, let him ship only where the complement of firemen is full. As for that, the firemen will be full anyway if shore is within swimming distance. If he wishes to enjoy "the glistening foam" business, it would be well for him—just as well—to avoid, if he can painting the funnel. There is no heartfelt enjoyment in it, especially in a winter month with a good stiff ten-knot breeze blowing. It is healthy, no doubt, and you get lots of fresh air. I got lots of it, but there is any quantity left blowing about the Atlantic yet.

We were a day out from Sandy Hook, and in well regulated crews it is the day devoted to putting the ship in its best bib and tucker.



IT TOOK ME ALL DAY TO PAINT THE FUNNEL.

That isn't nautical, but you know what I mean. The first mate owed me something. He was a sensitive man. He was also dignified. He fell down the forward hatch to the second deck one day in a sitting position, and I kindly and obtrusively asked him if the deck was hard. He didn't allay my curiosity, but he looked volumes. The deck must have been hard, for the cabin steward told me that the first officer dined *à la Turk* on a sofa the rest of the passage. He needn't have felt the matter so much—I mean the remark—for as a matter of fact I didn't care how hard the blooming deck was, anyway. I only enquired to be pleasant. However, he told me on that fatal morning to lay my artist hand on the funnel. I never could say "No," especially to gentlemen in official positions on board ship. You get along better if you don't. Some of the sailors were slung overboard while they painted the outside. The officers of the Arizona seemed to think I was safer slung inside. If I fell off the boatswain's chair alongside they would have to stop the ship and go after me, and time and coal cost money. If I fell off while up the funnel I would merely break my neck and be right on hand to bury without any vexatious delay.

They slung me up where the north wind got fair play and the first mate, whose watch it was on the bridge, could get a good square look at me and my work. I was so near him that he could easily talk to me. It wasn't every day that he had a good chance to criticize the artistic efforts of an artist suspended helplessly in mid-air, who couldn't answer back, and he improved the opportunity. There are artists I would like to see similarly situated. It might do them good. I don't believe that that mate had the first idea of higher art, but he talked as if he had. Artists are proverbially touchy, but when their backs are freezing trying to stop a portion of a keen north-easter, and their knees are intermittently frying up against a hot funnel, they are more so. The contrast is too pronounced. It took me about ten minutes to get into

working shape. The artistic mood wasn't on, and the Arizona rolled considerably and flopped me carelessly up against the funnel whenever it felt like it. It wasn't my fault, but the mate spoke as if it was, and asked me if I was up there to look at the scenery. A sarcastic man was the mate, and he expected too much from a man with only one color, and that red. I may have been more familiar with it than any other, for in other student days I may have assisted in painting a considerable portion of a town a brilliant vermilion, still one cannot get many effects out of one color. Headaches were the only ones I ever got.

But as I swung and bumped I got a dab in now and then, and listened to the comments of the mate in the intervals. It took me all day to paint that funnel. They changed the officers on the bridge, but they never changed me. With true regard to art, they didn't think of changing the artist on the same painting. I would have got along better if it had not been for the criticism. Every officer had ideas on the subject. The top of the funnel was painted according to the Italian school; that was the first mate's idea. Then I gave them a specimen bit of the Dutch painters after Rembrandt. The captain wanted that. The second mate suggested the style of Renaissance once, and Ruskin would have wept over two or three feet of that funnel. Then the third officer, a gay young sport, wanted the modern French school, and I gave about a yard in a free and dashing style. The last few feet were finished in early English to please the boatswain. When I surveyed my handiwork that night, as I warmed my back and cooled my knees, I felt proud. I felt like placing a sign like you see in art galleries:

VISITORS WILL PLEASE NOT POINT AT THE PAINTINGS.
CANES AND UMBRELLAS MUST BE LEFT AFT.



THE BEAR WITH A SORE HEAD.

The monkey and the pig went to the bear's house and asked him to remember the waits. The bear, who had a sore head, said that he should be sure to remember them, as they had kept him awake half the night. "Hope you'll give us something?" said the pig. "No," growled



the jar without breaking it. Then he emptied out a basin full of scalding water upon their heads. So there were three sore heads in the parish that night. Moral: Don't venture too near a bear with a sore head.

the bear, "I shall remember you without giving you anything; but it would be worth your while to give me something to forget you." This answer amused the monkey and the pig very much. They went off and collected their Christmas boxes, and they were coming home in the evening rather tipsy, when they thought it would be fun to knock at the bear's door and enquire after his sore head. The bear looked out of the top window and asked what was the matter. "You haven't forgotten us?" said the monkey. "No," said the bear, growling as sweetly as he knew how; "and if you'll wait a moment I'll throw you down a jar of honey for a Christmas box."

The bear soon appeared again at the window, and asked the monkey and the pig to stand close under the window so that they might catch

THE MOTOR CAR'S CHALLENGE.

A conceited motor car had a whole holiday on Christmas Day. So it went snorting down the road, boasting of how quickly it could run, and challenging the animals it met to race with it. First of all it met an old cart-horse. "Yes," said the cart-horse, "I will race you three times around that ploughed field." This offer did not, however, suit the motor car, so it snorted very loudly and went on at full speed until it met a donkey. "All right," said the donkey, "I will race you down the hill, to the other side of that little wooden bridge which goes over the river." So off they started, and the motor car reached the bridge a long while before the donkey, but was afraid to go over, knowing that its weight would break the bridge. So the donkey came by and won the race. The motor car slunk back up the hill, feeling rather annoyed. On its way it met a tortoise. "I will race you," said the tortoise, "across this ditch," and it began to crawl over by means of a plank. But the motor car could not follow. A snail, which was sitting on a stone on the other side of the ditch, laughed so much at the motor car that it became very angry and threatened to come across and crush the snail. The snail only laughed the more, and offered to race the motor car three yards over a glass cucumber frame which was near at hand. By this time the motor car felt so much ashamed of itself that it went home, panting with grief and vexation. Some days afterwards it threw itself into a deep river and was drowned.

Moral: The race is not always to the swift.





CHRISTMAS WITH THE QUEEN

By SARAH A. TOOLEY

THE QUEEN'S Christmas, if we take preparation into consideration, begins about six weeks before the actual anniversary. Directly Her Majesty returns to Windsor from her autumn sojourn in the Highlands, she begins to select articles for her forthcoming gifts. A large assortment of the latest novelties is brought to Windsor for her consideration, and she spends many days in choosing for her large family circle just the thing which will suit each individual taste, as the Queen is no perfunctory donor. Nothing pleases her so much as the juvenile presents. Amongst the toys the royal grandmamma becomes a child again in feeling, and the dolls which talk, the animals which play tricks, and the various other mechanical toys afford her endless amusement. They are all put through their "paces" for the Queen's delectation, and a right merry place the private sitting-room at Windsor becomes, for no one enjoys a good hearty laugh more than Her Majesty. Purveyors of mechanical toys rack their brains each year to get a new and original consignment of goods for Windsor. "That will be just the thing for Prince Edward," says grandmamma when a horse that eats his food at a manger is displayed, or "Put that on one side for Russia—how it will please little Olga!" when a doll's house, with fine ladies and gentlemen walking in and out, is set on the table. And so the selection goes merrily forward, until Her Majesty's private apartments are a veritable bazaar. Next to mechanical toys, illustrated books of fairy stories find favor with the Queen's presents to children, for she loved them dearly herself when she was a child. To the ladies of her Household the Queen invariably gives Christmas presents of jewelry, usually rings or brooches, and here again careful selection takes place, and the Royal memory is called into requisition lest a previous style of gift should be repeated. The task of selection becomes each year more arduous, as there are members of her Household to whom the Queen has given Christmas presents for twenty and thirty years past, and I have never heard that she has a stock present for the festive season, like the proverbial Indian shawl for brides.

Like less exalted people, Her Majesty has poor relations—poor for the position which they are called to occupy—and many of them are relieved of pecuniary difficulty by a timely cheque from her hand at Christmas. Then there are the old and infirm dependants, and for these there are comfortable woolen goods, sometimes made by the Queen's own hands, for she is fond of a little plain knitting. She uses large bone needles and double Berlin wool. It amuses her to make comforters and cuffs ready for Christmas presents, but it is only special favorites within the Royal Family circle or amongst old retainers who are honored with these gifts.

It has been the Queen's invariable custom since the death of the Prince Consort to keep Christmas at Osborne. The Court removes there about the middle of December. For the succeeding days the Solent is gay with the coming and going of the Royal yachts, for there will still be a few presents to buy and some arrangements to settle, and Princess Henry of Battenberg has a busy time completing her Royal mother's behests. As soon as Her Majesty is comfortably settled at Osborne her Christmas guests begin to arrive. All the Queen's children resident in the country, except the Prince of Wales, who keeps the festival at Sandringham, come with their families to spend Christmas with the Queen. When Princess Louise was with

her husband in Canada, she came home to Osborne for Christmas. It is a touching sight to see the Queen receiving each new arrival, and when Christmas Eve falls the family party is complete. And what a gathering of sons and daughters, and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren it is!

We must not forget to mention a most important arrival at Osborne—the Queen's master-cooks, with the *pieces de resistance* for the Christmas dinner, which have previously been cooked at Windsor. These are the baron of beef—which consist of the two sirloins, not cut asunder, but kept together by the backbone of the ox—the boar's head, and the famous woodcock pie; dishes which the Queen always has upon her sideboard on Christmas Day, in recognition of the custom of olden times. The famous "baron" is cut from an ox bred and fed on the Queen's own farm at Windsor. It is roasted in the great kitchen of the Castle, at a huge open fire-place, which suggests the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, and is only used for the Yuletide preparations and when there is a great dinner-party at Windsor, as on the occasion of the Jubilee. "You can have no idea what a sight it is to see that fire," said an old retainer, who was conducting me through the Royal kitchens; but as I looked into the cavernous depths of the huge grate it was easy to imagine the picture which it would present when filled with burning fuel.

The third standard dish for the Queen's Christmas dinner is the woodcock pie, and there is keen competition amongst the Royal sportsmen as to who shall supply the finest birds for it. The Duke of Connaught has often won this honor. This dish is a survival of the "stately pye" which graced the sideboards of castle, hall and grange in Shakespeare's time, and was doubtless a wonderful feature in the Christmas dinner of Her High Mightiness Queen Bess. These pies were of enormous dimensions, and boasted of a variety of ingredients which was fairly appalling. Here is a recipe given in a newspaper as late as 1770: "Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and six pigeons." When made, the pie containing these ingredients measured nine feet in circumference, weighed twelve stone, was fitted into a case upon wheels, and required two men to lift it on to the table. Osborne can boast of nothing like this. The Queen's woodcock pie would be a dwarf beside it. December is a time at which heavy mists hang over the Solent and make navigation dangerous, and it has often occurred to me: "What if it were found impossible for the Royal yacht to cross on Christmas Eve, and the Queen's Christmas dinner lay at Cowes, and the sideboard at Osborne was bare of the time-honored dishes!" Such a *contretemps* has never, I believe, happened, although there have been rather narrow escapes.

We will assume, instead, that Christmas morn breaks bright and sunny at the Queen's island home just such a glorious day of sunshine as I witnessed there two years ago; in which case the Queen will probably breakfast in a sheltered spot in the open air. Children and grandchildren will crowd around her with congratulations. There will be mutual felicitations and show of presents, and the silver-haired grandmamma with the smiling face will stoop from her wheel-chair to kiss the little ones, and will listen with animation as each describes the most particular treasure which it has received. We forget for the



PREPARING THE BOAR'S HEAD AND THE BARON OF BEEF IN THE ROYAL KITCHEN.

moment that she is the monarch of the greatest empire in the world, and that in yonder despatch-boxes, standing beside the bulging letter-bags, are important documents which claim her attention before the piles of Christmas cards, and think of her only at this joyous Yuletide as "grandmamma." Telegrams of greeting are arriving from the members of her family abroad and from her representatives in all parts of the world. Softly through the air comes stealing the sound of the Whippingham church bells, and at the Christmas of which I am specially thinking, they bring tears to the Queen's eyes and cause a hush to come over the children's laughter, for it is the first anniversary since the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, he who was wont at this season to arrange all the games and merry makings for the family gathering.



CHRISTMAS TABLEAUX BY HER MAJESTY'S GRANDCHILDREN.

Already his sorrowing widow has been to pray beside his tomb in the village church, where she had stood a bride. Later in the morning the Queen drives to the church, and alighting at the lych-gate enters her wheel-chair and is drawn through her special entrance, by the chancel, up to the tomb of Prince Henry, which stands in the newly constructed side chapel, and lays upon it a large wreath of holly with a tender message attached.

At two o'clock comes what is technically the Queen's luncheon, but at Christmas it serves for the family dinner party, as all the children are present, who would not partake of the more stately dinner in the evening. "Grandmamma" in reality makes her Christmas dinner with the

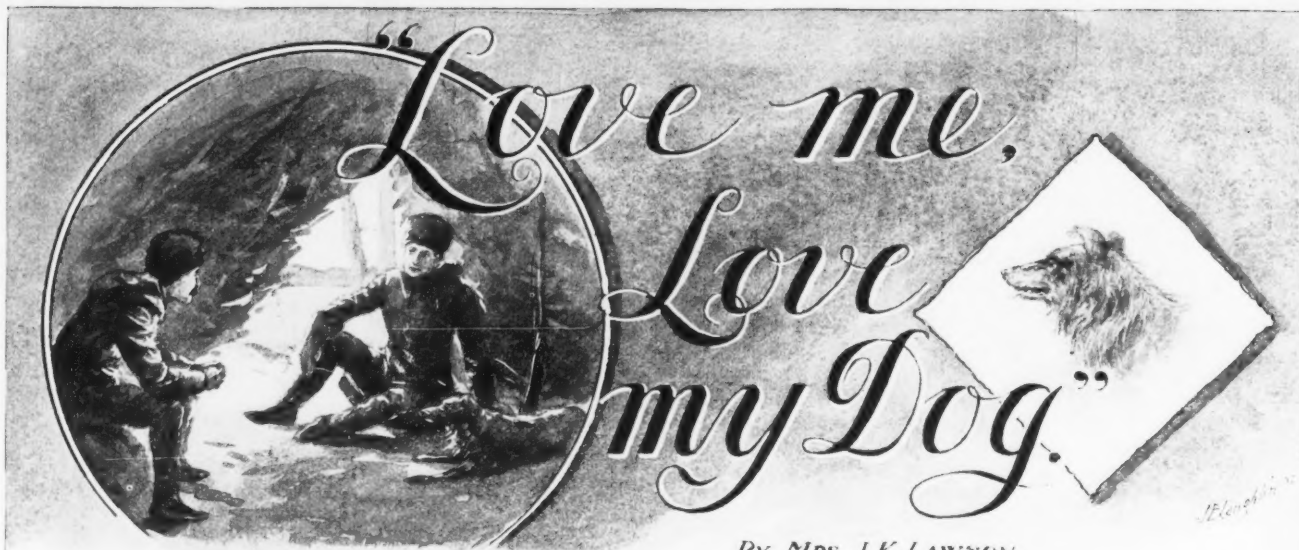
juveniles, as Her Majesty always prefers to take her heaviest meal at mid-day. Shortly after luncheon she takes a long drive, accompanied by one or more of the Princesses. Upon the Queen's return from her drive the festivities begin. We may now picture Osborne looking like a baronial castle of the olden time. The rooms are gaily lighted, the yule log sheds its ruddy glow from the hearth, and holly and mistletoe gleam from the walls. Everybody in the Castle, from the highest to the lowest, receives a Christmas-box. This is a rule which has obtained in the Queen's home since her marriage, nearly sixty years ago, and was largely due to the Prince Consort, who introduced into the English Court the customs of his own fatherland. From her mother, too, the Queen inherited a love of German customs. After the distribution of presents from the Christmas tree, the young Princes and Princesses make merry at Yuletide games, as other children are doing all over the land. Grandmamma does not care to be disturbed by the romps, but she takes a great interest in watching the *tableaux vivants* which form the conclusion of the Christmas Day festivities. These are always arranged by Princess Beatrice, who is very clever at amateur theatricals, and they are joined in by the older members of the family party, and by some of the ladies and gentlemen of the Household. I have seen charming private photographs of these *tableaux vivants*, and in one of them Princess Ena of Battenberg is seated like a fairy on the bough of a tree in a woodland glade; and a very lovely fairy Princess she makes, with her fair face, blue eyes, and long, rippling, flaxen hair. For the last two seasons Christmas has been observed with less joyousness at Osborne, owing to the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and only the younger members of the gathering have taken part in games.

While the Queen keeps the festive season in family style after the best traditions of old English custom, she follows also the rule of making it a season of good-will for the poor and needy. At Osborne suitable gifts are distributed to the poor, and a special treat is provided for the children of the workpeople on the estate. Years ago the Queen always visited the children's treat herself, but latterly she has not done so, and the management of it has devolved on Princess Beatrice. Most of the Royalties staying at Osborne take a part in this interesting festivity, and Princess Ena of Battenberg, with the young Princesses Margaret and Victoria of Connaught, may be seen flitting hither and thither, distributing the Queen's gifts to the children.

At Windsor the Royal bounties are upon a larger scale, and are given on New Year's Day. They consist of beef and coals, which are given away to hundreds of poor people in Windsor and in the adjoining parish of Clewer. The distribution takes place in the riding-school attached to the Castle, in the presence of the Mayor, the Dean of Windsor, and the local clergy.

During the week succeeding Christmas the Queen takes a great interest in arranging her many presents about her private rooms, in which she is assisted by Princess Beatrice and the Ladies-in-Waiting. She has scrap-albums for the Christmas cards, which are so placed that the name of the sender, written upon the back, is visible on the reverse page. It will be readily understood, however, that more Christmas cards find their way to Her Majesty than can be placed in her scrap-albums. These books are reserved for the cards of very special interest; large numbers of others find their way to children's hospitals and kindred institutions, along with books and pictures. The Duchess of York, before her marriage, devoted much time to collecting pretty trifles from her friends and relatives for her children's mission, and there was no more generous donor to Princess May's little institution than the Queen, who has ever a soft side to the little ones. Her private rooms are filled with children's portraits, and the two principal pictures in Her Majesty's bedroom at Osborne are Raphael's Virgin and Child, and Dyce's Madonna and Child.





BY MRS J. K. LAWSON.

RAIN, rain, rain. It had rained all last night, it had rained all day, it was drizzling still. But through the gray discomfort the long roar of the city traffic held on; on the slippery, glistening streets the clank, clank, clank of horse hoofs rang incessantly; the omnibuses were crowded within and without as the thick night closed in, and the lamps began to wink, and the shop windows lit up, illuminating the long vista of Argyle street. These windows, always attractive by their varied display of color, were to-night many-hued and brilliant as an Eastern bazaar. And despite the showering overhead and the damp underfoot the streets were crowded with citizens well-to-do, and citizens not well-to-do at all; citizens in comfortable overcoats and rubbered feet, citizens with second-hand coats buttoned sparsely over the shivering chest, and with shoes that pumped water in and out at every step; citizenesses with stout commonsense boots, and reliable waterproof cloaks and umbrellas; citizenesses with shawl-shrouded heads and, alas! alas! bare feet, washed white with the cold, cold rain.

But, well-off or ill-off, all like night-moths around a lamp, kept up a continuous hovering buzz around the shop windows to-night, some considering how much they could buy, some how little; some looking on grimly, trying to make themselves believe the grapes were sour—the grapes that ripen at Christmas tide, full of the wine of goodwill to all; the grapes that sad circumstances forbade them either to taste themselves or give to others, as fain they would.

The shops appeared to be doing a rushing business, for in and out, in and out, still poured the customers, going in purse in hand whispering together, and coming out with hands full of parcels—mysterious parcels—which they preferred to carry instead of having them sent; parcels to be consigned to the keeping of Santa Claus, to be brought by him along the aerial dreamland route, down many and many a sooty perpendicular tunnel. To be sure it was a moonless and slippery night for reindeer hoofs to be clattering around chimney tops, but being sure-footed as the love of little children could make them, the parcels always arrived safe, as dawn proved to bright and early waking eyes.

Now, among the well-to-do citizens gazing in at the mimic world in a toy-shop's window, were a group of three, two men and a woman—John Milne, his wife, and his brother Tom, the latter just returned from a many years' sojourn in Canada. Presently they moved into the shop and were served, and were about to pass out again when Tom's eye caught sight of a comical-looking toy dog.

"Show me that dog, will you," he said to the saleswoman.

"Oh, Tom, you have spent enough on the children already," protested his sister-in-law.

"All the same, I'm going to invest in this dog. It won't break me," he answered, smiling to himself, and in the ear of his wife John murmured, not displeased:

"Better let Tom have his own way, Mary. He always did, ever since I could remember."

Tom heard, and, turning to his brother with an appreciative wink, echoed:

"You bet," and bore off the dog in triumph.

That evening, after the children had gone to bed, a few friends dropped in on their way home from shopping.

"Why, what have you got here—a dog?" cried Kate Wyn.

"Yes, Miss Wyn, that's my dog; that's Jim Mackenzie's Twinkle to a T. I bought that because it was the dead spit of Twinkle."

"Twinkle? Jim Mackenzie?" breathed Kate, with a sort of gasp, but in another moment she quietly sat down and said "Oh."

Kate was a friend of the family, a woman over thirty-two now, but still blooming and still strikingly fine-looking. Why she had never married was a mystery to all who knew how much she was admired by the men of her acquaintance; but, somehow, she had a knack of keeping acquaintances of the masculine order as acquaintances; and not the most Platonic of friendships had she ever contracted with any of the opposite sex. There had been at one time a whisper of some love disappointment, but that had been long ago, before her father had moved from Irvine into Glasgow to become one of its most respected citizens. Over this love affair Kate's curved lips were sealed. If she had an unhealed wound in her inner consciousness she made no moan over it, not even to her most intimate women friends. When they rallied her on not being married she laughed and said she would marry when the right man came along.

The present company were too merry, and themselves too much taken up laughing at Tom's toy dog, to observe Kate's momentary agitation and the sudden paling of her clear complexion at the mention of Jim Mackenzie and the dog Twinkle.

"Is that the Mackenzie you wrote about, Tom?" enquired his brother, with some interest, "the man that wouldn't let you eat his dog when you were all starving."

"That was Jim. He had just got an appointment to one of the Hudson Bay stations and was on his way there, him and me and the half-breed. You know one of the chief doctrines of the Hudson Bay Company is that the only men to be trusted in the employ up there are Scotchmen. No other need apply. This doctrine had been evolved from long experience of other nationalities, the thistle coming out purple crown on top every time."

"You might tell us how you got through that time, Tom. Your letter was most unsatisfactory. You seemed to be more taken up with the fact that you had been saved, than the way it came about."

"Well, rather!" snorted Tom. "If you'd been traveling as we had been, on snow-shoes for weeks, through a country that was one group of lakes; a couple of miles or so on snow, then across a lake, then tramp it again, then another lake on ice, till all unexpectedly the air got unseasonably warm, and when you came to a lake as we did and found the ice all broken up and floating about, and your grub nearly out, and your powder-flask about empty, nothing but miles on miles of slush, and

the nearest Indian village thirty miles away across the lake and no canoe to reach it, by ginger! Them's the kind of experiences you want to forget immediately, if not sooner. You don't want to be going over the agony on paper right away, I tell you. However, that's more than seven years ago. The distance smooths things considerably, so I don't mind if I tell you how I wanted to kill and eat Jim's dog. That there is his livin' picture, only of course Twinkle was a big dog, a collie, and Jim thought no end of that brute. Of course, I am glad now he fought me for his life, but when a man's blue with despair and hunger makes a ravening wolf of him, the old beast of prey wakes in him, and life, life, life is the only thought he is capable of."

The friends assembled looked their interest in Tom's story. "Let us hear it, Tom; you must have been pretty well screwed when you wanted to eat a collie," said one of them with a laugh.

Kate Wyn lay back in the easy-chair, and with her elbow on the table, shaded her face with her hand.

"Do tell us, Mr. Milne. Tell us all about it. I should like very much indeed to hear your adventure," she said in a calm, incisive voice, and Tom began:

"As I was sayin', we were traveling, the three of us, Jim Mackenzie, myself and the half-breed, and not at all unpleasant traveling it was on snow-shoes until we came to this lake and found the ice broken up, our food and powder given out, the Indian reserve thirty miles off and no canoe to cross the lake in. Jim looked at the ice floating and swaying about; he looked at the black woods and the long wastes of slush between—slush, mind you; sheer slush, for the air had been soft for some days, and the sun shone out unseasonably strong, and then Jim looked at me. I said nothing; no more did the half-breed. The ewe-e some fallen trees covered with the melting snow. We brushed them bare and sat down and thought hard. You see, Jim being one of the Hudson Bay Company's officers had been sent up to this Indian post, right across Crooked Pine Lake, in order to trace up some of the Company's goods which had gone astray; and myself and Michel Noyes going with him, we thought we might as well do some trapping by the way. Of course we never dreamed of the ice breaking up a clear three weeks before the usual time; never dreamed but what all we had to do was to step on to the lake and continue our tramp on the ice clear across. As it was, there we were, trapped ourselves, and, unless the lake froze over again, with a strong probability of starvation staring us in the face. For, you understand, we were traveling over a country which was literally honey-combed with lakes—a vast net-work of lakes; and to attempt to go around on land would mean tramping hundreds of miles without food, without ammunition to bring down game of any kind—an utter impossibility. There was nothing for it but to camp here upon Brule Portage and see what Providence had in store for us.

"We were all dead tired, used up, and this shock just finished us. We had no heart to speak. Every one of us knew just exactly how much grub was left, and everyone was privately calculating how long these two days' provisions could be made to last. Dear knows how long we might have sat there glooming, but all at once Jim's dog, Twinkle, got up and begged, standing on his hind legs and looking right into his eyes. It was a dog some friend in the Old Country had given him, and he had taught him all sorts of tricks. Twinkle was hungry and was begging for something to eat.

"All right, Twinkle," says he, jumping up. "I guess it won't help things sitting mooning here. Let's go and snare some rabbits."

"Twinkle barked and gamboled around him and off the two went

to set snares. Michel Noyes and me got out string and went to set snares too, and about sunset we all returned to the portage. Jim looked anxiously at the sunset—it was too red for his taste. A clear, hard strip of cold pea-green along the north would have suited him better, and would have meant cold, and possibly frost throughout the night, and frost meant our salvation. As it was, the air was warm and balmy, and brought the scent, the spring scent of pine to us.

"Do you think we could do without supper to-night?" Jim asked. "We are more likely to be hungry to-morrow, and if we roll in our rabbit-skin blankets and go to sleep now, we won't miss it so much."

"Michel shrugged his shoulders, which signified that he was agreeable under protest, and as for myself, though I never can sleep on an empty stomach, I let on to be delighted.

"After breakfast we'll go hunting partridge," said Jim quite hopefully. "I saw some tracks in the snow up there."

"It was a good hope to go to sleep on, so we began to cut down spruce and balsam branches and made fine springy mattresses over a foot thick. On these we lay down, rolled in our rabbit-skin blankets, before the roaring fire we had made."

"Under the open sky? Weren't you cold?" said Mrs. Milne.

"Cold? No, only ravenously hungry. You can't feel cold wrapped in a rabbit-skin blanket. They are warm and waterproof. No fellow can be cold wrapped in one of these blankets."

Mrs. Milne shrugged her shoulders with a smiling shiver. Evidently the idea of sleeping under the stars on a spruce mattress laid on the snow, did not commend itself to her. Kate slid her hand from her face and looked at Tom with unmistakable sympathy. His eye caught hers and he resumed:

"Next morning we ate very sparingly indeed, and after making a sort of wigwam with poles crossed and covered with flat spruce branches, we set out to see what luck we could get. Not a rabbit to be seen; the snares set just as we left them. Jim looked at the powder and shot and remarked that we would have to make pretty sure of our aim before letting fly at any partridge we might scare up. We could not afford to waste any shot. All that day we got nothing; same story next day, and the next. We saw tracks of partridge in the snow, but never a bird; they had been scared out by our

arrival there. Things were looking pretty blue, I tell you. The grub finally gave out, and for a whole day and a night we had nothing to eat. Then Jim wakened us all with a joyful whoop one morning. The lake had frozen over in the night. Instead of the ice floating about, it was all welded together. We started up, got our traps together, bound on our snow-shoes, and forgetting our faintness and hunger in the hope of getting across the lake, we set out once more. Ah, poor wretches! We hadn't gone far before we discovered that the freezing was only in patches. Where the ice had drifted asunder, leaving long strips of clear water, only a thin coating of treacherous sheet ice had formed. It creaked and crackled under our feet, bent and gave way when we attempted to cross.

"It's no use," said Jim. "Let's get back before the sun gets warm."

"I tell you we were three blue men as we trudged back over them blocks of ice, looking so firm all along the shore. Our spirits sank into our boots, the hunger and the faintness got worse and worse. Michel lay down on his belly upon the spruce, saying never a word. Jim's dog had begged and begged till he had given it up for a bad job, and now he sat down on the snow and, lifting his nose in the air, let out one long despairing howl. I looked at the dog. He'd got mighty little to eat since coming here. Like ourselves, he had had nothing for two days,



MICHEL.

"He's mighty thin," I remarked to Jim.

"Yes, poor fellow; come here, Twink', and he put out his hand and hauled the beast to him and hugged him as you might hug a baby.

"There isn't much flesh on his bones," I remarked again.

"No, no more than there is on your own, Tom," he says quietly.

"Yes," says I, "but a man's a man, and a dog's a dog."

"Well, do you know, Jim twigged me at once.

"Yes," says he, as sharp as you please, "and the dog's so much better than the man that I don't suppose it has ever entered into his head to eat you. And he could throttle you as easy as winkin' when you are lying asleep there."

"By ginger! I felt ashamed of myself, and the dog was really more of a man than I was, for he was a strong, powerful fellow, and might have had my blood any night, had he felt like it.

"That day we caught a rabbit in one of the snares, and hungry though we were, Twink' got his share of it. Then a cold snap set in and we kept the fire roaring night and day, and to our joy we saw the lakes again freezing over. If the cold wind would only last a couple of days more the ice would be safe to cross, and we could get to our destination and be relieved. The frost held and on the third night we decided to try again.

"Our powder and shot was entirely out, we had tasted nothing for the last two days but a sort of tea made from stewing dead leaves, and now when we made up our minds to try again, Michel, the half-breed, gave out altogether. He rose from the spruce bed, but staggered and fell back upon it, unable to stand. We determined to go without him, and when we reached the Indian village to send him food and help. We two were feeling pretty shaky. Jim as gaunt as a wolf, and I suppose I looked quite as bad. I felt bad enough I know. However, we set out, Jim and myself and Twink'e, Twinkle keeping close to Jim. The ice was pretty good for over a mile or so, and hope kept our spirits up, but all of a sudden Jim stopped and shading his eyes with his hands looked away ahead. Seeing him—I looked too—and all I could say was, 'God have mercy on us!'

"There, away some couple of miles off, was a blue and shiny streak cutting clear through the whiteness of the ice, and that meant water—a belt of clear water many miles long!

"Water, Tom," says he.

"Yes," says I, and without another word we turned back once more, weary, discouraged and scarcely able to crawl.

"When we got back again to the portage, Michel was lying where we left him, and Jim threw himself on his bed with his face downward and his arm around the dog. I went out looking for rabbits, but there was none to be seen. The sun shone out hot and fierce, the snow thawed everywhere, in a few hours the ice again began to move and float about in detached pieces. A light, warm breeze had sprung up, and had we not returned as promptly as we did we should have been at the bottom of Crooked Pine Lake. But I had no heart to go back to camp—the sight of these two big fellows lying there, dead broke, made me feel like caving in myself; I was bound to find something to eat or—bust.

"Well, I did find something. I came upon the trail of a partridge and I followed it up to some bush in a copse some distance up. I was going to get that partridge or die in the attempt. I had no gun, but I could bring him down with a good hard snowball once I started him, and I knew by the feet marks in the snow he was not far off. So I ate some of the snow and made a couple of balls and crept around the copse—around and around, winding in and out among the bush—then all of a sudden I threw up my hands and grew deathly sick for sheer joy."

"You found the partridge!" exclaimed Kate, eagerly.

"Partridge? no!—better than that—I found a canoe. It was like this, you see. When the frost sets in in the fall, if an Indian or a white man lands anywhere with his canoe he makes a cache; that is, a sort of small roof made by propping up poles in a slanting position against a tree and then covering these over with plentiful layers of spruce branches and any other brush lying about handy. Over this the snow falls thick and freezes, and in this shelter the canoe lies secure until the next spring.

"So, when in pursuit of the partridge I came upon this cache, I knew a canoe was there and that we were saved. You'd scarcely believe what I tell you, but when I went to the portage and told Jim, the way that the half-breed jumped up was a caution. He rose, staggered about a bit, and then the way we all three made a bee line for that canoe was a sight to see."

"Thank God you were saved," murmured Kate, and Tom noted that her eyes were wet.

"Ah! but—hold on; we weren't out of our troubles yet, by any means. In the first place we were very weak, and though we stewed leaves and drank the tea, it was all we could do to paddle, taking turns. As I told you, the breeze sprung up, which we were thankful for, seeing it cleared the water, but we had so much circumnavigating to do, steering clear of the floes, that we seemed to make no progress. Then night came on, and though the wind went down a little with the sun, still there was enough to keep the ice bobbing and knocking about. There were plenty of stars but no moon, and there we were, in that frail canoe, steering here and steering there in the clear places, trying to avoid being jammed in and smashed to smithereens—by ginger! Weren't we glad when the morning broke, and we saw that we had paddled straighter than we knew, and that another hour or two would land us on the Indian reserve. Michel had given out once more—there isn't half the endurance in a half-breed as in a healthy white man—and when we got to the shore the Indians had to lift him out of the canoe and carry him up into a wigwam, where they had to doctor him up for a fortnight before he was any good. We had nothing to brag of ourselves, indeed, for both Jim and me and the dog were laid up for three days; and when we got on our pins again you couldn't tell which was the weaker. But all the time Jim lay there, that fellow Twinkle never budged from his side, and half the time he lay with his nose across Jim's breast. He has that old dog yet."

"He has!" said Kate, speaking slowly. "He appears to be very fond of him."

"Fond is no name for it. He says that is the one thing he can never forgive me—wanting to eat him when we were so hard up at Crooked Pine Lake."

Tom had the supreme felicity of seeing Miss Wyn home that night. In walking along with her under an umbrella, he felt he had not been a hero in vain. She seemed never to tire of asking him questions about the life they had led out in these boreal quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The story of Jim and his dog interested her immensely. "Is Mr. Mackenzie a married man?" she asked, when he called on her next day.

"Mackenzie married? What an idea! Why, no! I never in all my experience of him knew him to go sparking the girls like the other fellows. No! Give him his pipe and his book, and the others may take the girls. That's Jim."

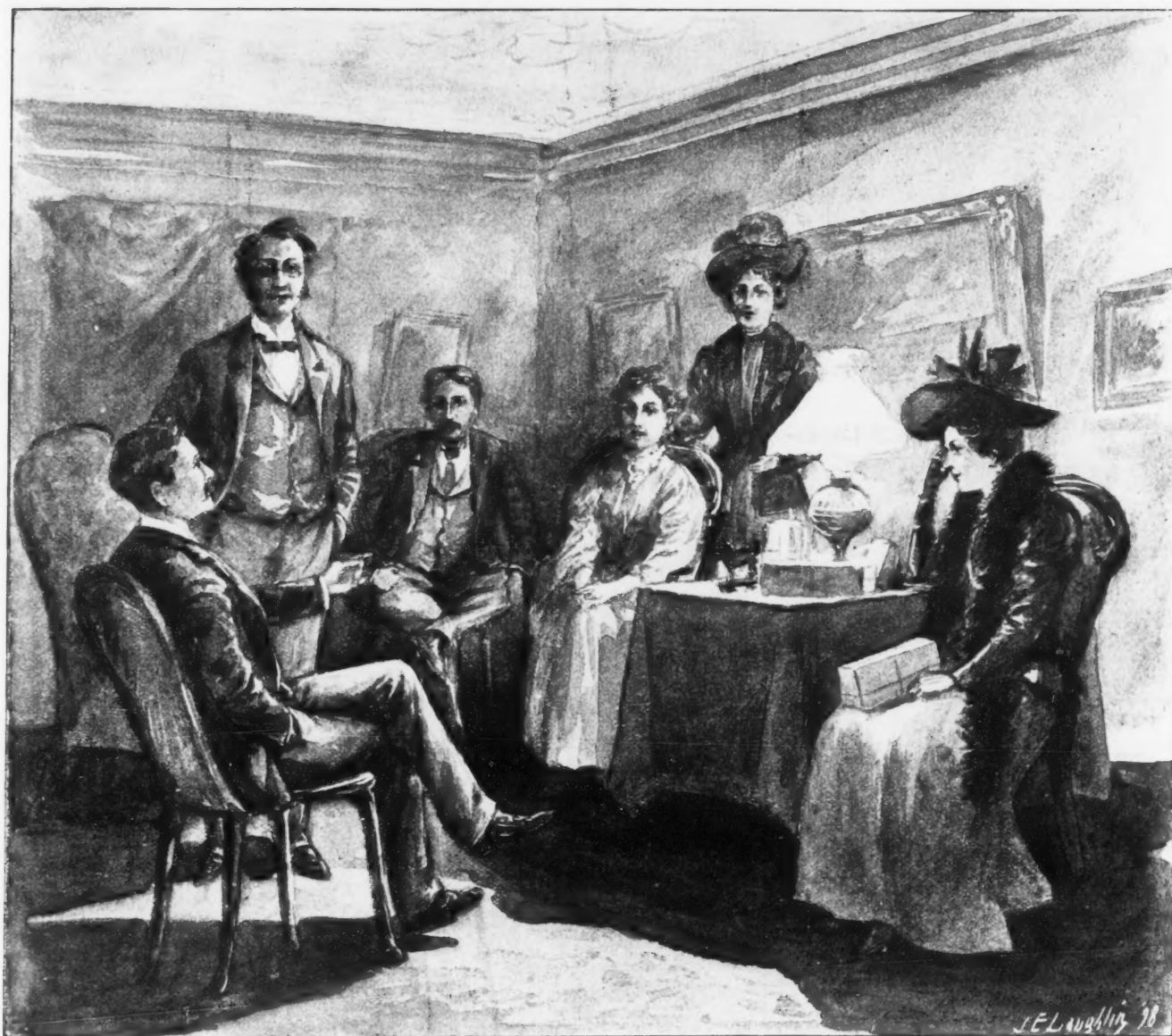
"You would think he might like to come back to his native land, as you have done, Mr. Milne?"

"Yes, you'd think so; but he don't seem to want to. I asked him once if he didn't think of going back to old Scotland, but he said no; said he had nothing to come for, and so had no desire to."

Kate lapsed into silence for some minutes; but presently, with an effort, set herself to entertain her visitor. So agreeable did she make herself that Tom came back again; not once, but many times, growing more shy and more reserved as the spring wore on and the time for his return to Canada drew nigh. The truth must be confessed—Tom was in love; not for the first time, it is true, but none the less very genuinely and in solemn earnest. He had had one or two *affaires de cœur* with girls, young, bright, laughing girls, whose smiles had made him for the time being deliriously happy; whose frowns had overwhelmed him with despair, bringing visions of romantic suicide and the rest of it. But out of all these experiences he had ever emerged right side up and very little the worse for wear.

This was a different, a more serious affair. This was no smiling girl, but a sweet and womanly woman, strong and self-reliant; and with that in her which somehow inspired others to be strong and self-reliant also.

Tom found himself confiding all his history, his present plans, his future prospects to her; and he had got so accustomed to this friendship that the thought of it coming to an end and leaving him just where he was when he returned from Canada, was far from agreeable. He could not be the same man after knowing her; he had developed and softened and sweetened since enjoying her conversation and society. In his inmost soul he recognized the fact that he loved her as he could never love another woman. But what of her? That was the problem he could not solve for the life of him. For she was always so frankly kind, so considerate, so sweet. But then she was that to everyone.



THEY WERE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN TOM'S STORY.

In his perplexity he confided his case to his sister-in-law, who assured him that the only way to find out whether he had any chance was to ask Kate herself. Did he expect her to offer herself to him? Oh, these men!

Tom, thus prompted, set out one evening to test his fate, and it so happened that Miss Wyn met him at the door. She was dressed to go out, but turned back with him. Tom protested, but she declared that she had only dressed to go out from sheer weariness. She was so glad he had come. She hung her hat and cloak on the rack as they passed in, and at once relieved him of all embarrassment filling his soul with joy.

"Do you know, Mr. Milne, if you hadn't come to-night I should have sent you a note to-morrow morning. I have been hesitating and deliberating on a certain step ever since you told us that story of the lake with the Indian name. Now I have come to a decision in the matter."

Here a soft color crept over her face, quite bewitching poor Tom. She was not given to blushing, but now she blushed divinely. What was she going to say? It was leap-year; could it be possible? Ah!

"We have been very good friends, Mr. Milne; almost what you Canadians would call chums, these three months, haven't we?"

Here she blushed again and Tom reflected it as he answered:

"We have, and I'm sure I shall feel very lonely when I go away. In fact, to-day I felt——"

Tom paused, feeling he hadn't started out right.

"And I am certain you would do me a service, a very particular favor, if you could," continued Kate.

"Well, rather. Just try me and see. How could you ask me such a question when you must know that——"

He was about to utter, "I love you," when Kate broke in impulsively:

"Then I will confide in you. You are his friend now, as well as mine. Mr. Milne, will you take this letter from me to Mr. Mackenzie—Jim, as you call him?" As she spoke she produced from her pocket a letter addressed to "James Mackenzie, Esq., care of Hudson's Bay Company, North-West Territory, Canada."

Keeping her eye on the letter, she explained:

"Mr. Mackenzie and I were at one time engaged to be married, and I loved him as he loved me, but I was young and thoughtless, and I was jealous—jealous, as I now know, without a cause. We quarreled and parted. He went to Canada, saying in a note to me that when I wrote and asked him to come back, he would come. This letter is to ask him to come back. I was wrong; he was right. If I had known where to

write to, I would have written years ago. I gave him Twinkle when it was a little puppy. I didn't know until I heard your story that he had ever taken the dog with him. You may judge what I felt when you told me all about him. Now, will you give him that letter from me?" she begged.

Tom's eyes were upon the letter she held in her hand. He did not reply immediately, except by nodding his head and clearing his throat. She was quite satisfied with the nod, however. She understood him to be affected by her love story. So he was—very much so.

He took out a memorandum book, carefully deposited the letter in the pocket thereof, and rising to his feet, again hemmed repeatedly. She looked somewhat surprised when he took out his watch and said quietly:

"I must ask you to excuse me this evening—I forgot. An engagement—I have to see John at eight o'clock."

Which, of course, was an unmitigated fib, but—poor Tom!

Kate Wyn thought he acted queer—very queer; but how was she to know? She was still more puzzled when she heard that he had gone off next morning without warning.

Once a glimmer of light dawned on her when Mrs. Milne, in a tone of friendly reproach, asked her why she had given Tom his *conge* so sharply.

"Me! You must be dreaming, Mrs. Milne. Tom never said a word of the kind to me."

"He didn't?"

"He did not, I solemnly assure you."

Then there was another sorely puzzled woman, for Kate kept her own counsel about the letter she had commissioned Tom to deliver. But the truth had dawned upon her now, and it grew in the light of many little memories of Tom's sayings and doings, till she understood.

"If I had known, I couldn't have given him that letter," she said to herself. "However, it's too late now."

It was too late. Tom was on the Atlantic, grinning and bearing it as best he could; and before the new moon was a month old, the letter had reached its destination, and the Hudson Bay Company had granted their respected employee the usual one year's leave of absence to visit the land of his birth, as they put it. When he arrived at Mavis Bank Quay, Twinkle was the first to leap ashore.

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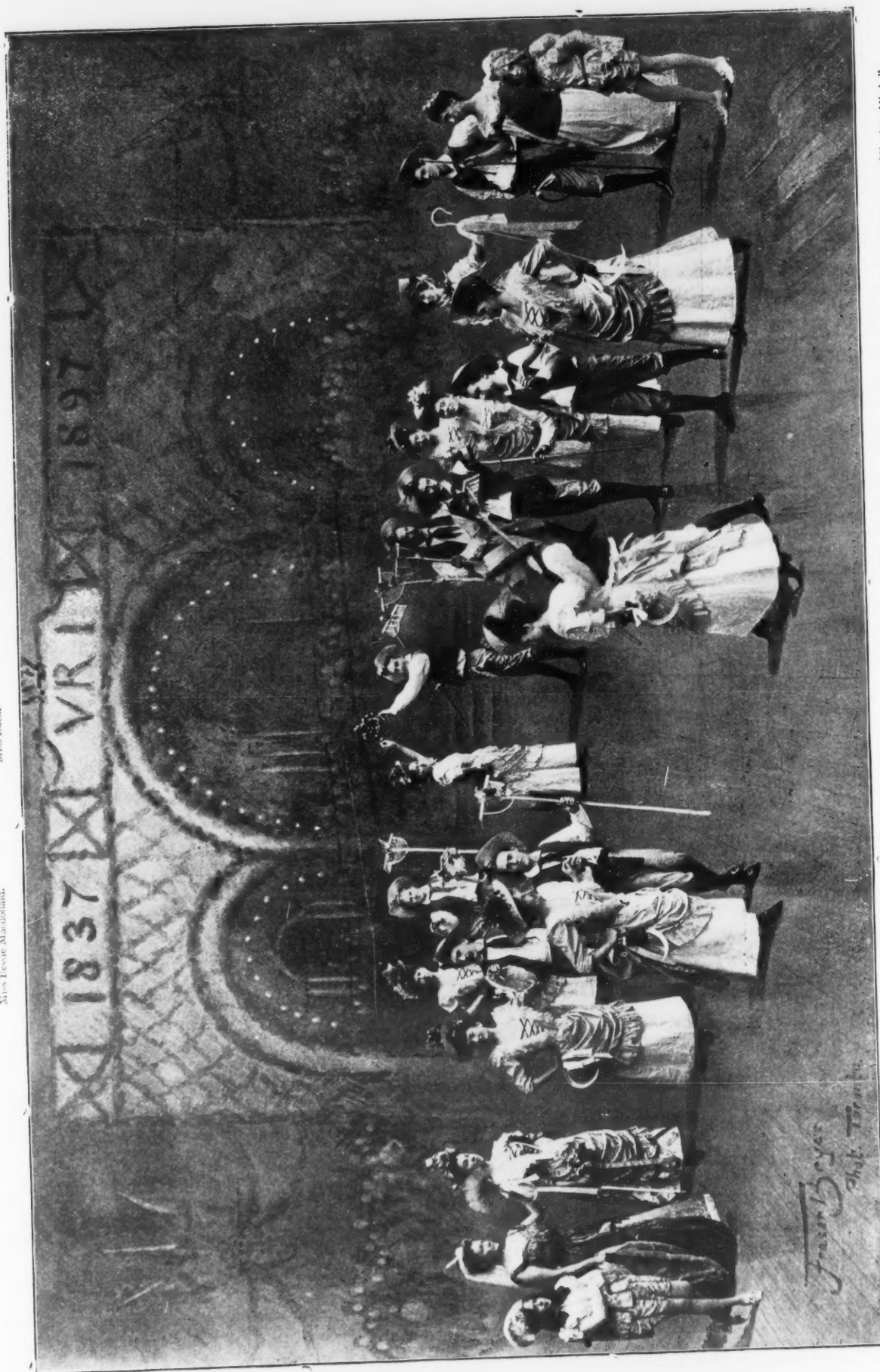
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THE HARVESTERS AT THE VICTORIAN ERA BALL.

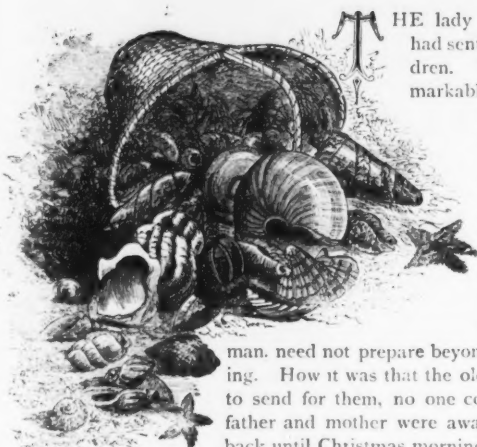
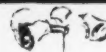
From a photograph by J. FRASER BRYCE.

The Rejoicing Of The Stout Gentleman.

Ksle



• BY • MARJORY • MACMURCHY •



THE lady who lived next door had sent for the Sweete children. This was a very remarkable thing, not equal, Gabriel said, to the summoning of the Hebrew children before the King of Babylon, but of the same nature, and his sisters should be dressed carefully for it. He himself, as one who was to be a man, need not prepare beyond a scrupulous washing. How it was that the old lady had happened to send for them, no one could tell. True, both father and mother were away and were not to be back until Christmas morning, but why she should desire their presence under these circumstances remained a mystery to the children.

Gabriel was the eldest; after him, Nora, and, in conclusion, Monica. Their father, who was a professor, wished them to remain as innocent as possible of the effect of their own attractions, but Gabriel was quietly known among those who came to the house as The Interpreter. A young woman had once called him Sir Galahad, but her unwise admiration had been removed by a disposition of the household forces. If the wife of a professor of history, who is known to have a taste for applied mechanics, cannot protect her children, no one may hope to live amongst us with authority.

After Gabriel came Nora, and she from her earliest days had been the victim of romance. She was never called anything but Nora, but she was described in many ways. Long ago—it must be by this time be almost three years—a young man who had come out of Ireland for reasons best known to his family, had been the most junior of Professor Sweete's assistants. He had loved Nora, and had sung to her songs of exile while she sat where he had placed her, on top of the piano, with her feet barely clearing the keyboard over his fingers. His voice was the most distracting of tenors, as clear and as small as a flute; and when he sang "Believe me if all these endearing young charms" with the pathetic earnestness that the subject demanded, memory rose, starry-eyed, before him and filled the house with dreams, through which Nora's serious gaze came with the most consoling and unutterably wise sympathy. Nora was one of these girl-children who say nothing and look adorable, while they may be hugging the cat upside down, or remembering Paradise without a conscious thought. Such a woman is madly loved from her beginning to her end, and, since she is a silent person, nothing is ever said to try the devotion, but when she is white-souled, as Nora was, and will be, please heaven, no harm is done.

How extremely unlike this was our young friend, Monica, a most talkative child, who was known merely and completely as The Bubble. It was a name both entire'y appropriate and entirely without explanation. The youngest Sweete was a bubble, and a bubble was the youngest Sweete, and that was really all that could be said about it. The nurse, a reliable old person of experience, had greeted her with cries of joy when she came, and these cries had gone on repeating in various directions ever since for no very obvious reason. The Bubble was well enough to look at now, but her father was an ugly man, one of these ugly men who possess humorous noses and in whose absence whole communities of relatives and friends have been known to pine away to the point of melancholy; and The Bubble, Monica, was like him, not ugly yet, but with a future before her, and an extremely talkative child.

The lady who lived next door, beyond a paling and a diminutive hedge, wore black and was remarkably rigid and stiffly thin, or so thought the children, but they were used to bending, kissing, soothing people who never sat perfectly upright for hours at a time from sheer force of

character, as the old lady did. They had all three watched her for five minutes without winking in church on Sunday, and so they knew as much as could be known about her soul. The soul, as Gabriel graphically explained, was what you really were and always sat inside.

The Bubble, who had her own methods of making friends with the outside world, had taken lately to blowing kisses to the old lady from the nursery windows off the ends of widely extended fingers, and had been surprised to receive no response beyond a stiff nod delivered as if the machinery which produced her smiles was out of working order. The Bubble's blown-kiss acquaintance extended from the Chancellor of the University to the fat poodle of Lady Garret, taking in on its way the old milk woman and a red-faced boy who sold buns, but excluding Lady Garret, because she snorted, The Bubble said. That, however, was a mere evasion.

The nurse, whose name was Mrs. Marshall, went with them to the gate, a proceeding that Gabriel condemned with silent dignity, and then the little procession crossed the scrubbed stone flags set between little mounds of snow that showed where the box borders were, and went up the old lady's steps. The Bubble went first carrying her babyest doll. Monica was under the direct and continuous supervision of both Gabriel and Nora, owing to her position in the family and to the inherited Sweete sense of responsibility, and so she was always trotting on in front, but that happily at the same time suited her eager character.

Nora followed, bearing in a pre-Raphaelite manner of which she was quite unaware, the blossom of a scarlet geranium. And last of all came Gabriel, bringing with him a book which weighed pounds and gave a succinct account of the founding of all the early churches in the country, but it was the present repository of the imagination of the Sweete children, and furnished better texts for sermons than any more intelligible compilation.

There was a palpable air of Christmas about them which was immediately reinforced when they came into the old lady's presence, by cups of hot milk and two round cakes each with currents in them, but they were a little disappointed at not being asked to take off their things. The Bubble would have said so had not Nora warned her that Mother would probably be ashamed when she heard of it, a painful consequence which had been known to follow such unguarded expressions of opinion.

The Bubble was not used to hot milk and did not like it—neither did the others, but that made no difference, they had begun to be polite long ago. The Bubble, however, left her cup near the edge of the little black table at which she and Nora had been placed by reason of supposed crumbs, and with a half-eaten cake breaking gently in one hand ran over to the old lady's knee.

"See my dollie," she exclaimed with an enchanting smile; "do you love her?"

"Very pretty," assented the old lady, and then she added, not because she wanted to, but because she couldn't help it, "Little girls shouldn't make crumbs."

"Sweep them up again," said The Bubble cheerfully. "Haven't you any little birds to eat up your crumbs?"

"She's only four," interrupted Nora hastily, making a careful progress across the floor and detaching the smiling Bubble from the old lady's black silk frock. "She's a very good baby," Nora also stated with candor, wishing the old lady to understand that no one not in a position of authority must blame Monica.

This kind of an old lady filled Gabriel with the most devouring curiosity. He wanted to know all about her, and, having finished his cake, he gazed at her earnestly. Since she was a person of age he proceeded to submit to her a question which had lately been engaging his attention.

"Which do you think is more to be pitied," he said, "children when their mother and father are away, or somebody's mother and father when the children are away?"

The old lady shuddered visibly. "A mother," she answered, as if to someone of her own age, but such was the effect of Gabriel, "when her children are away."

"Now I think," maintained Gabriel wistfully, "that it is the children, for they aren't used to it, and the mother and father must have been alone before the children came, you know."

The old lady felt that he must know what she was thinking about, and began to smooth her silk dress nervously. Gabriel opened the book to show her some of the most inspiring pictures in case she should find herself without a subject the next time she wanted to preach, but Nora, who had been silent except when The Bubble's inadvertencies had compelled her to speak, slipped to the floor and laid her geranium blossom on the table.

"I think we had better go now," she said with polite decision. "Nurse will be expecting us."

Neither Gabriel nor Monica was exactly ready to go, but as the old lady said nothing about staying, Nora put on Monica's gloves and the procession was reformed in order of age and endurance, each of the children manifesting the greatest good-will, and the old lady betraying a sad inability to part with them in any but a frigid manner.

Later in the evening The Bubble dragged a chair to the nursery window which afforded the best view of the old lady's house, and then, climbing on it, elevated her little skirts in a parallel attitude of curiosity. Gabriel in the light of the fire was riding over the heather with King Charles's men, Nora was building a house of cards in the simplest Chinese fashion, and the room was very still. Then The Bubble cried from the window in a precipitate manner of her own:

"Man at the old lady's door." She evidently meant that he was worth looking at.

"Fat man," commented The Bubble to Nora when she came.

"Stout gentleman," corrected Nora.

"His coat is very tight," added Gabriel, and then they all three dwelt upon the lines of his figure with appreciative eyes.

The man, whoever he was, stood just inside the old lady's gate. He had a curious air of being sorry, and there was altogether something that needed to be explained about him that the children felt very keenly.

"Black, black," said The Bubble, referring to his garments.

"Lost his little girl, perhaps," suggested Nora, whose mind ran on funerals since the death, at an advanced age, of the household bird.

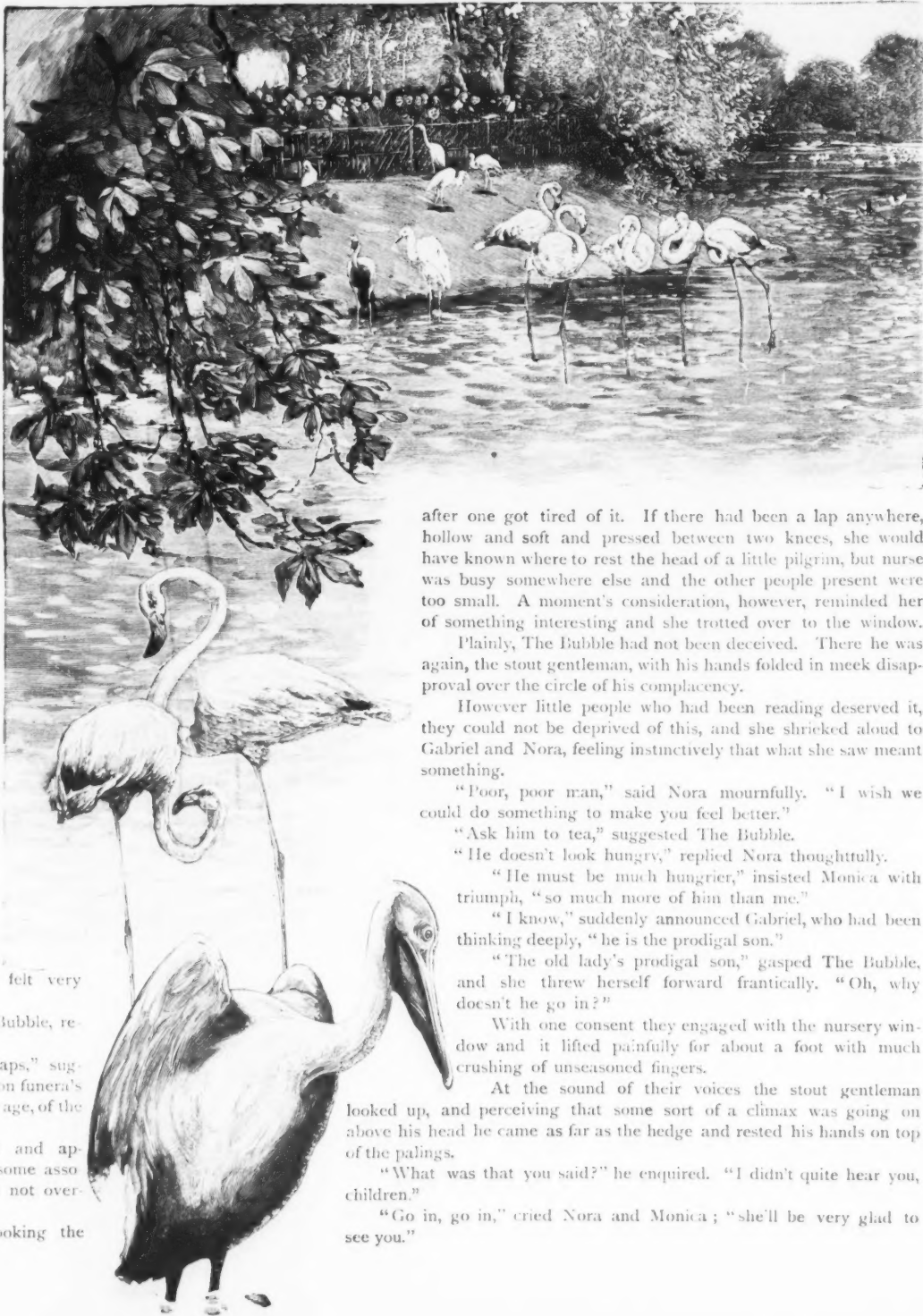
The Interpreter frowned and appeared to be struggling with some association of ideas that he could not overcome.

While they were still looking the

gentleman turned about, closed the old lady's gate behind him, and went slowly down the street, balancing his stout body on two substantial legs, and casting a black shadow behind him.

The day before Christmas was rather a hard one to spend without the assistance of two inventive parents, but there was a certain concentration of expectancy about the moment of their return that made Christmas morning swell like the great bud of some flower that was to open then. But even hope has its own exhaustion and there was an undeniable absence in the house.

People who could read seemed not to weary, but The Bubble did not believe it was all they played it was. Anyone could look at pictures, especially if they were colored, and she had made up stories herself in a crooning undertone to go with them, but it was not particularly amusing



after one got tired of it. If there had been a lap anywhere, hollow and soft and pressed between two knees, she would have known where to rest the head of a little pilgrim, but nurse was busy somewhere else and the other people present were too small. A moment's consideration, however, reminded her of something interesting and she trotted over to the window.

Plainly, The Bubble had not been deceived. There he was again, the stout gentleman, with his hands folded in meek disapproval over the circle of his complacency.

However little people who had been reading deserved it, they could not be deprived of this, and she shrieked aloud to Gabriel and Nora, feeling instinctively that what she saw meant something.

"Poor, poor man," said Nora mournfully. "I wish we could do something to make you feel better."

"Ask him to tea," suggested The Bubble.

"He doesn't look hungry," replied Nora thoughtfully.

"He must be much hungrier," insisted Monica with triumph, "so much more of him than me."

"I know," suddenly announced Gabriel, who had been thinking deeply, "he is the prodigal son."

"The old lady's prodigal son," gasped The Bubble, and she threw herself forward frantically. "Oh, why doesn't he go in?"

With one consent they engaged with the nursery window and it lifted painfully for about a foot with much crushing of unseasoned fingers.

At the sound of their voices the stout gentleman looked up, and perceiving that some sort of a climax was going on above his head he came as far as the hedge and rested his hands on top of the palings.

"What was that you said?" he enquired. "I didn't quite hear you, children."

"Go in, go in," cried Nora and Monica; "she'll be very glad to see you."

But Gabriel thrust into the heart of the difficulty. "She says," and he wagged his head as he did when he was preaching, "that a mother is most to be pitied who is without her children."

The stout gentleman had an encouraging face; he seemed to understand them.

"You really think I would be justified?" he said, wrinkling with sudden smiles. "I should feel badly, you know, if she didn't want me after all."

"Yes, yes, yes," screamed the Sweetes, prancing on six impatient legs, and indicating the old lady's door with cherubic fingers.

Then Gabriel leaned forward and in a confidential and somewhat apologetic whisper said:

"Your ring, you know. I think you had better take it off. It wasn't until afterwards that he wore the ring."

The stout gentleman looked at Gabriel and then at his finger. Then the perplexity on his face was suddenly lightened. "You mean the other man who returned? I quite understand you."

He took the ring off with a whimsical expression that might have preceded either tears or laughter, and pushed it with difficulty into his waistcoat pocket.

"I am sure I am very much obliged," he said, looking up at the Sweetes and taking off his hat. "I wish I could do as much for you, and when my turn comes I hope I may be as quick about it."

So saying, the stout gentleman waved his hand and, turning, achieved with cautious deliberation the worn steps that led to the old lady's door.

Once more he looked up at the Sweetes, who encouraged him in an excited pantomime, and then turning the knob of the door as if he were used to it, he disappeared from their sight.

Five minutes later, while they were still gazing, a flash of light

suddenly illuminated one of the old lady's dark windows, and the old lady herself, preceded by an elderly domestic bearing a lamp, rushed into the room and fell, an unbending line, into the arms of the stout gentleman, who danced tumultuously about the room hugging her to his bosom until his breath gave out and they tumbled together into a chair. Anything more extraordinary or more joyful than the evolutions of his stout legs the Sweetes had never seen, but they understood it; they sympathized with it and they sang with joy over the motions of their distracted prodigal.

Long after the children had gone to sleep an Anglican choir gathered on the steps of the rector of St. Constantine's, who lived across the street, and with nervous and frightful precision burst into a prodigious carol just as Christmas Day came in. As the sound crashed upon the silent air, The Bubble, who had never heard such a thing in her life before, tossed her little arms above her head and shrieked aloud a piteous baby cry for those who were not there. Nora, close at hand, snuggled up to her with putting sympathy, but Gabriel, who slept in a tiny room of his own on the other side of the nursery, cried out: "The music and the dancing, Monica—don't you remember? When he came back then they had the music and the dancing." With a smile of instant comprehension the baby fell asleep, and peace was restored inside the house.

But outside the house, across the hedge and beyond the palings, stood the stout gentleman in an antiquated dressing-gown, adding a refractory bass to the tumult across the street, his bosom swelling with musical pride and his cheeks wet with tears of reconciliation; while in the shelter of the open door, her black skirts blown by the wind, and with a flaunting yellow handkerchief tied about her neck, the old lady gazed at him with passionate admiration, an incontrovertible proof of the stability of the stout gentleman's rejoicing.



THE PROUD PUDDING.

There was a Christmas pudding which was very rich—not only because it was made of rich things, but because it had seven bright pieces of money within it. It also lived on a handsome dish and wore a grand piece of holly with scarlet berries. This rich pudding was very vain, and would not speak to anyone in the pantry except a champagne bottle, which had a gold collar, and was so puffed up with pride that it could not speak at all, but only nod its head stiffly in a condescending style.



Two black-handled kitchen forks, which were on the same shelf, were lost in admiration of these magnificent beings, and were very envious when the pudding and the champagne bottle were carried off in triumph to the dining-room on Christmas Day.

In the evening the corkscrew, who had accompanied them, returned and described how he had wrenched the champagne bottle's head out of its neck, and how its empty body had been thrown on one side to be sold to the rag-and-bone man. The fate of the vain pudding had been even more terrible, for in the first place it had been surrounded with devouring flames, and then, amidst the shrieks of human beings, had been hacked into small pieces, causing disagreement and envy and indigestion as it was torn to fragments and consumed. Moral: Envy not.

THE ROBIN AND THE BIRDS.

On Christmas morning the birds held an indignation meeting in the snow. The old rook presided, and began the proceedings with remarks on the unkindness of the human race. The starling said that the rook, having been a thief all his life, had not so much cause to complain. "But look at me," said the starling; "I've always been honest, and yet they chase me from every house, and I've not had a crumb of food for these three days." The blackbird spoke to the same effect, and the thrush considered that its song deserved a better reward than starvation. A sparrow, almost a skeleton, told of the thousands of insects which it had destroyed in the spring and summer, and, amid tremendous applause from the other sparrows, declared that it was the most deserving bird in the world, but because it was small and insignificant it was always neglected and ill used.

"Hear, hear," twitted the wren in a feeble voice, which was drowned by the loud chorus of complaints which came from the other birds. At length the old rook restored order by drawing attention to a fat, well-nourished robin, which had hitherto said nothing. On being thus challenged the robin said: "You will observe, my friends, that I have a fine red waistcoat, and that beneath it I have no signs of starvation. The fact is, I only have to go to a window and tap it, and I have crumbs thrown out to me in plenty."

"Ah," said an owl, slowly opening its eyes, "character matters little one way or the other; fine clothes and impudence are the surest passports if you wish to get human beings to part with their good things."

Moral: When you have gratified yourself by giving to the unworthy and impostors, spare a crumb for the deserving.





"YES. Seems rather a neck-to-neck race. I back Neville: Soldier *versus* Sawbones. Girls generally 'doe on the military.'"

"That's true. Still, I think Sawbones has a bit of a chance; he's such a good-looking chap. Pity she is so plain."

"'Handsome is as handsome does,' and she will get all old Stannard's money, so they say; though he is only her uncle by marriage. Quarreled with his nephew and heir and adopted her in a fit of the sulks, when she was a baby."

"Is that so? I don't know them at all. Only came over with some people where I have been spending Christmas at the other side of the county. They are new-comers, I believe."

"Yes. He bought this place about a year ago. They say he is worth about £10,000 a year. By Jove! one could afford to dispense with physical charms on such a screw as that! Not a bad sort of girl either, though she's not much to look at."

"I've hardly spoken to her. But from observation I should say the doctor was the favorite. Jolly good thing for him if he gets her. Hasn't a penny but his practice, so I'm told."

"Most likely not. But he'll soon chuck up the practice when he gets the heiress. Well, as I'm not in the running, let's go and drink his health."

And the two men sauntered off, totally unconscious of the proximity of a young girl, who, seated in a recess, hidden from them by the folds of a thick portière, had been an involuntary listener to their conversation.

She was small and dark, insignificant in features and figure, with a shy manner that made one overlook in a casual glance the depth of expression in her rather childish face.

At first their words had fallen on an inattentive ear. She was hot from dancing, and waiting for her partner to bring her in ice. It was only at the mention of her uncle's name that she realized the fact of being the subject of their conversation. Rising involuntarily, she would have immediately retired, had not the certainty of unavoidable discovery arrested her intention; and re-seating herself, with a distressful flush that only left her paler than before, she remained an unwilling hearer until the speakers moved away. Then she sat still, striving to regain something of her usual quiet composure, till her solitude was broken in upon by an approaching voice: "I'm afraid I have been a long time, but the place was so crowded." And a gentle, manly-looking man came towards her with the desired refreshment.

"Never mind," a little nervously; "I have been glad to rest, and it is cool here."

"But," noticing the tremor in her voice and a certain pitiful expression that denoted ill-suppressed agitation, "you look pale, Miss Bruce, and—forgive me—a little upset. Has anything occurred since I went away? Let me fetch you a glass of wine."

"Nothing," earnestly. "Pray don't notice it, Captain Neville. I shall be better presently. It is the heat, the excitement. You see I am not yet used to balls," trying to conjure up a smile.

"We will sit here and rest. The rôle of hostess is no sinecure. It has been a little too much for you."

"But I must go back to the dancing-room. My partners will be looking for me."

"Never mind the partners. I'll wager they will not find you easily, and I intend to keep possession of you till you are better. Why, your hand is quite trembling. Poor little hand!"

And Captain Neville possessed himself of the quivering little member with such an evident intention of keeping it indefinitely in his own broad palm that Geraldine flushed hotly again, and with difficulty restrained her tears as she spoke.

"Please release me, Captain Neville. I want to return to our guests."

"Not yet," unheeding her request. "Wait a moment. I have something to say to you, Geraldine."

She rose hastily, withdrawing her hand from his grasp.

"I must go. Some of the people have already left and uncle will be wondering—"

"Stay. They will not miss you. I have been waiting all night for this opportunity to tell you, what I feel sure you already know, how much I love you, Geraldine, and to ask you—"

A hasty footstep interrupted the impulsive outpouring, as the elderly butler entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but will you come quickly? Mr. Stannard is not well."

"Not well? My uncle? Where is he?"

"In the library, miss. He has lost consciousness. A sort of fainting fit. Dr. Trafford is with him."

Geraldine glanced at the man's troubled face and attempted air of unconcern as she made her way to the library, Captain Neville following. She did not speak to him.

Mr. Stannard lay on a sofa. His shirt had been opened and his collar removed. He was still unconscious and breathing heavily. At the side of the couch and holding the sick man's pulse with grave and intent face stood Dr. Trafford, while near at hand a neighboring squire, with hands clasped behind his back, contemplated ruefully the stretched-out form before him.

At Geraldine's entrance the doctor turned. "Do not be alarmed, Miss Bruce; your uncle has fainted."

She went past him and knelt down by the side of the unconscious man, putting her hand on the hot temples and laying aside the locks of iron-gray hair that clustered so thickly above them. Then looking up to him she whispered:

"How did it happen? Where was he?"

"He e, my dear, fortunately," answered the elderly squire. "We had an argument as to which day the hounds would meet at Thatcher's Croft, and I came in here with him to look. Just as we were talking he put up his hand to his head and—"

"Never mind just now," from Dr. Trafford, with a significant look at the worthy man. "I think there are signs of his coming around, and now, Miss Bruce, if you will allow me, I would suggest that you return to the ball-room. No one knows yet of your uncle's indisposition, and—"

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She rose, with a visible effort at self-control. "Yes, you are right, Dr. Trafford. They will be leaving soon. You will stay with him?"

"Certainly. We will take him to his room. And that you may have no anxiety on his account, I will remain with him all night."

When the last of their guests had gone, and those staying in the house had retired, Geraldine stole to her uncle's door. All was silent. Unable to overcome her anxiety she passed on to the dressing-room, where Rogers, his valet, was sitting up to share the night-watch.

"How is my uncle, now, Rogers?"

"Better, miss. He has been sleeping for the last hour."

"Is Dr. Trafford with him?"

"Oh, yes, miss. I asked him to go and lie down, but he would not hear of it. Wanted to watch himself, he said, and I was to be within call."

She crossed to the door of communication and turning the handle softly, entered the bed-room.

"Miss Bruce! Geraldine! Not gone to bed yet?" in a suppressed whisper, and Dr. Trafford rose to meet her. She looked very white and tired as she answered:

"How could I? The house people have only just come upstairs. Besides, I must speak with you. I want you to tell me the worst. I know my uncle is very ill."

"He is better now"—taking her gently by the hand and placing her in his vacated chair—"and sleeping."

"Do not be afraid to tell me. I can bear it; although I look so—so insignificant and—useless, I am not easily unstrung."

"Useless! I know you are not that!" and Dr. Trafford's handsome eyes rested on her rather dangerously as he spoke.

"Will you explain it all to me? It is paralysis, is it not?"

The doctor turned a little aside.

"Well, just a slight attack. His general health has not been so good lately—headaches and so on. I have been just a little afraid of something of this kind. But he is a comparatively young man, only fifty-two, and a good constitution. He might not have another attack for years."

"Still there is danger, and—forgive me, it is not that I doubt your kindness or skill, but—"

"I understand; I have thought of that, and as soon as it is light I intend to wire for Sir Humphrey Warren. A second opinion is always more reassuring."

"Naturally, I think my uncle would wish it." She sat gazing at the fire, seemingly oblivious of her surroundings.

"How tired you look," he said softly, and approaching her with tender concern.

"I am. I think I will go to bed for a few hours. Good night, Dr. Trafford. You have been very kind."

"I am only so thankful to have been here when it happened. Do not rise too soon, Miss Bruce. I will send you word how he is, quite early. Good night, and"—as she rose and went to the door, he following—"in the hope of our patient's recovery, will you let me wish you a Happy New Year?"

"Ah! yes. I had forgotten. It seems a bad beginning of the New Year, does it not?"

And unheeding his outstretched hand, almost as in a dream, she quitted the room.

In spite of her fatigue, sleep refused to visit Geraldine's eyes that night. Anxiety on her uncle's account mingled with the ever-recurring remembrance of the conversation she had so unintentionally overheard. In girlhood one is not apt to analyze the sources of one's well-being, and still less to speculate materialistically on the future. Geraldine knew that she had been adopted, in a kind of way, by Mr. Stannard, when very young, and also that he had quarreled many years ago with his only living relatives, but their names she had never heard; even of their present existence she was unaware, and the probability of her inheriting his wealth to the exclusion of his family (did any still exist) had never entered her head.

This, then, was the meaning of Captain Neville's attentions. He had always impressed her as being a worldly, cold-hearted man, and his apparent devotion was not quite explainable. He had been about three weeks in the neighborhood, staying with the Macdonalds, who had contrived, in every possible manner, to throw him in her way. How plainly she saw through it all by the light of her newly acquired knowl-

edge. How contemptible it all seemed, and how palpable the scheming of which she had been the unconscious object.

True, while accepting his homage she had only been stirred by a feeling of flattered vanity. She was so young, had seen so little of the world; still, her innate perception had led her to form a tolerably correct estimate of his character. It was with no deeper feeling than that of contemptuous indifference that she dismissed him from her thoughts, which turned involuntarily to one who had occupied a considerable portion of them just lately. Ah, that was a very different thing! Dr. Trafford was her uncle's friend. Mr. Stannard, a man of strong feelings and violent prejudices, thought so highly of his moral character and rare intellectual capacities that Geraldine, with youthful enthusiasm, had come to look upon him as a model of all learned acquirements and noble virtues. And within the last few months she had lost something of her habitual shyness in talking to him, and he had sought her out at the small gaieties where they had met, and sometimes his hand had lingered in saying "good-bye," and his eyes had softened marvelously as he marked her timid confusion.

And Geraldine buried her hot face in the pillow as she recalled some still tenderer episodes within the last week, for Dr. Trafford had taken an active part in the Christmas festivities organized by the new Squire. Was it possible that he, too, could be interested and a fortune-hunter? Yes, it must be so. She had neither beauty nor wit—two essential things to win the admiration of men, she had heard; and, besides, his motives were understood by the world. Already they were public gossip. She rose quickly and drew up the blind. The late winter sun had not long risen and a frosty fog lay in the hollows of the snowy landscape.

By the gray morning light she surveyed herself in the mirror. Yes, she was certainly "not much to look at." That had been the judgment of an impartial critic. Anxious hours of sleeplessness do not tend to mental or bodily recuperation, and it was a wan, haggard little face that looked back into her tired and dark-ringed face.

Weariness and fatigue made her still less inclined to observe the latent possibilities of charm in the expressive mobility that, with certain quaint ways of her own, made her personality so interesting.

A hasty knock at the door and she turned to confront the house-keeper, whose face bore signs of unmistakable agitation and distress. It was to summon her to her uncle's side. A second attack had left him more powerless and enfeebled than the first, and grave doubts were entertained of his recovery.

The great man summoned from London acknowledged his inability to combat the natural course of the disease—and before the decline of that short New Year's Day, Death had robbed Geraldine Bruce of her only guardian, and left her without a single tie of kindred in the world.

It was the day before the funeral. Geraldine was sitting in the library. The curtain had just been drawn and the lamps lit, when the door opened and Dr. Trafford was announced.

"You are looking better to-day," he said, with a keen glance at her slightly flushed face.

"Yes, I am better. I am beginning to realize it at last. Each day leaves me more accustomed to his loss."

"Poor child!" with grave tenderness. "It has been terribly hard. Have you no friend or relative that could come to you?"

"None," and then looking up from the depths of the large reading-chair, in which her slight figure seemed almost buried: "I have been wanting to speak to you about something. I should like someone to live with me—a companion. Could you help me—about it?"

He was silent for a moment; then he answered with a slight hesitation:

"Of course. We must see what can be done."

"But," with more energy than she had yet spoken, "I want someone now—at once. I cannot bear this loneliness, with nothing but my own sad thoughts to brood over. I have never been alone before."

Her uplifted, tear-filled eyes were very pitiful. Dr. Trafford drew up a chair.

"Listen, dear Geraldine," he said. "I came this evening to ask you something—something that, had your uncle lived, I should have waited to ask."

She moved uneasily.

"I want you to be my wife."

She did not answer. He bent over her and his words came eagerly. "I love you, Geraldine. It has grown so silently, so deeply, this love—but you were so young. It seemed hardly fair to bind you. I cannot bear to think of you alone. I could not keep silent any longer. Will you not answer me, my darling?"

Then she rose quickly. "I do not mean to marry, Dr. Trafford."

He gazed at her in amazement. The girlish figure was drawn up with womanly dignity. Her self-composure was supreme.

His features softened as he watched her. "Surely you do not mean that, dear," and then he rose and stood beside her. "Have you never realized that it must come to this? I have tried to hide my love, fearing to startle you. You were such a timid little thing! But surely you must have guessed. I even ventured to hope sometimes that you were not quite—indifferent."

"You are mistaken," in a cold voice. "I am sorry to undeceive you. Need I say that at a time like this a declaration of love is the last thing I should have expected."



"I COULD NOT KEEP SILENT ANY LONGER," HE SAID.

He drew back in grieved surprise. Was this the timorous girl whose gentle ways had roused the feeling of tender protection that filled his heart? Was this self-possessed and rather scornful woman the shy maiden he had learnt to love?

A sense of having been misjudged prompted his next words.

"Forgive me. As I said before, circumstances led me to speak to-day. I wanted you to feel, when your uncle is laid in his grave to-morrow, that there is one left to whom you are as dear—nay, dearer far. I think—I know he would have given you to me, Geraldine."

"Then you and he had arranged this?"

"Hardly. But I had his friendship, his confidence. And we often spoke of you."

"Do you know his intentions regarding me?"

A dark flush overspread Dr. Trafford's handsome face. She marked it with a keen and scornful glance.

"I did."

"Then, Dr. Trafford, excuse me if I remind you that, while appreciating the compliment you have paid me, my decision is final. I am sure you would not wish to prolong this interview."

"I can hardly misunderstand you now, Miss Bruce; though, as an old friend, I might have hoped for a kinder dismissal. It seems that I have offended you—in what way I am unable to divine. But do not let me part from you in anger."

He held out his hand. She placed hers in it coldly, and with a low bow he left the room.

The funeral was over and Mr. Lister, the solicitor, who had come down from London on the death of his client and spent some hours each day in the examination of his papers, sent to request an interview with Miss Bruce. She had not left her room, for, unversed in such sad formalities, she had excused herself from appearing at the funeral.

The lawyer entered, with an air of grave kindness, very different from his usually formal legal demeanor; and in a few well chosen words, spoke with sincere sympathy and regret of the changes that had come so suddenly. At last he moved to the window, unheeding the chair Geraldine indicated, and looked for some minutes out on the dull landscape; then, turning, he said with visible hesitation:

"I suppose, Miss Bruce, your uncle never intimated to you the fact of his having made a—will?"

"No," from Geraldine, indifferently. "He never spoke to me of business matters. But I thought everyone made a will."

Mr. Lister coughed apologetically.

"It is usual. Most people do."

"But why do you ask me? Did not my uncle make one?"

The lawyer came back to the fireplace as he answered:

"I regret to say we cannot find it, and from conversation with Dr. Trafford, who seems to have had Mr. Stannard's entire confidence, I am afraid that no such document exists."

Geraldine looked up, a trifle wearily. Surely he must see she was sad and sorrowful. Why worry her with such needless details at a time like this?

"Very likely not. Does it much matter?"

"Matter? My dear young lady! It matters considerably—very considerably. Have you never heard—did your uncle never mention his nephew, Major Chatterton?"

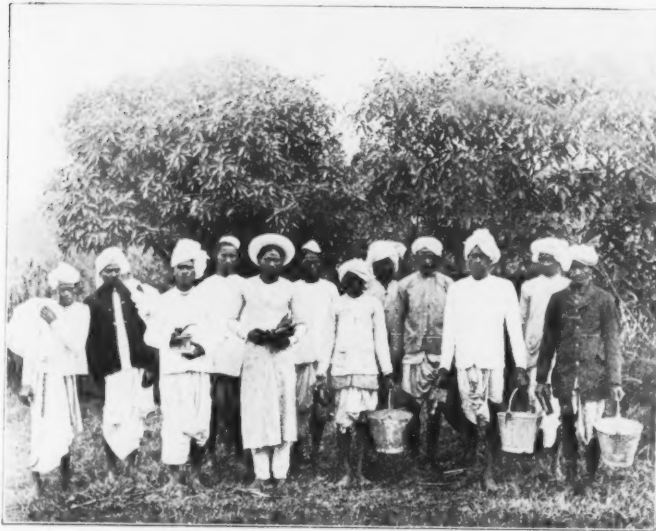
"No. I learned accidentally—only a few days ago, that he had a nephew. But I did not know his name."

"Major Chatterton is his next of kin; and, consequently, in the event of no will forthcoming he is—the heir."

His words seemed at last to strike a train of thought; and for a few moments the young girl looked at him ponderingly. Then she said in a low voice:

"Do you mean that he will inherit all my uncle's wealth?"

WHERE MONSOON IS GROWN



TO know that the tea which you are pouring from the pot into the cup has never left the care of the growers until it arrived at your grocers, securely sealed in the lead packet—just as you bought it—is the first hint to the good reason why MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA is different from all other packet teas, which pass from miscellaneous growers, through the intermediary hands of various shippers, and brokers, and packers before they are turned into packets sold at the stores. With the first sip of Monsoon Tea comes the consciousness that you are drinking a tea of statelier qualities. Its ambrosial flavor suggests absolute purity. The rich, sparkling glow of its liquor tells of ripeness, and the wholesome and refreshing relish with which it charms your taste, proves how perfectly the natural bouquet and full aromatic strength of the ripe sap has been preserved in the Monsoon leaf through the delicate process of "firing."

Like others, Monsoon Tea is now sold everywhere in sealed lead packets, in five different grades, at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents, but unlike others, whose varying grades are determined by varying qualities of different mixtures, Monsoon is graded true to its own leaf. The Monsoon Tea in the lead packets sold by grocers at 25 cents, is just as true in Monsoon quality and purity as any of the higher Monsoon grades at 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents. All the grades grow on the same tea-bush. The choicest leaflets nearest the tips of the bush, which possess the most delicate flavors, are selected for the 60 cent grade, the next leaves for the 50 cent grade, another for the 40 cent grade, and the leaves on the lower branches, a little larger and coarser than the leaves higher up, yield the exceptionally good grades sold at 25 and 30 cents. But all are picked fresh and ripe, in the same gardens, and all are cured with the same care, and the reason why MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA is so much better than others is because, coming to consumers direct from the growers, its choice quality has not been tapped to yield the profits exacted at different stages by the shippers, brokers and the packers or other package teas.

In the tea gardens where Monsoon is grown, the leaves are picked when fully ripe and when fullest of the rich, aromatic sap of the plant. At this stage of its growth, the leaf contains no appreciable trace of tannin, which, in other teas, picked after the leaves are withered and dry on the stalks, has been left as a deposit by the last run of the sap. The picking of Monsoon Tea while the leaf is richest with sap assures the strength in flavor and body for which Monsoon is famous, and the perfect process of "firing" the sap-laden leaf preserves the exquisite aroma and spirit which is developed later in the sparkling liveliness which a drawing of MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA shows in the cup, and in the delicious and refreshing "twang" which it leaves in the mouth. Monsoon Tea is so much richer in strength than other teas, owing to the careful and intelligent methods observed as to the time of picking and in process of curing, that less of Monsoon is needed for a cup than of any other tea, and, in the average use, a pound of Monsoon Tea goes from fifteen to twenty cups farther than its best rivals.

"I fear it must be so."

"Did you say Dr. Trafford knew this?"

"He did. Mr. Stannard, like many other people, had a prejudice against making a will. He had often the intention of doing so—but always delayed and procrastinated. He was a man, to all appearance, of robust health, and certainly never anticipated being stricken down so suddenly. He spoke to Dr. Trafford on the subject before he went abroad last summer, but since his return he had not mentioned it."

"Have you spoken of this to Dr. Trafford?"

"Yes; yesterday morning. My dear Miss Bruce, your uncle thought so highly of him, and in the absence of Major Chatterton I felt his advice would be most valuable."

"About me?"

"Well, partly. I have communicated with the heir, and perhaps some arrangement can be—"

"Mr. Lister! A moment. Am I to understand that I am penniless?"

"I fear that—unless your cousin—"

"He is not my cousin. Mr. Stannard was only my uncle by marriage. Don't," as the lawyer tried to interrupt, "don't try to palliate matters. I know the worst now."

"But—you are so young, and, pardon me, I should imagine not over-strong. Do not let any foolish pride stand in the way of—"

"Hush!" in a curiously composed tone. "I cannot accept charity from anyone. Many girls work for their livelihood—why should not I? Surely I can be a governess!"

"A governess! Nay, my child, that is not a life for you. You have been so tenderly nurtured—so—"

"Please, dear Mr. Lister, do leave me now. I should like to be alone, to think it all out. To-morrow we will speak of it again."

And in spite of his legal decorum, Mr. Lister's eyes were misty as he left the room, and when the door closed Geraldine threw herself on her knees, and burying her face in her hands moaned out, "Oh, Hugh, my love, to think that I could so have misjudged you!"

Twelve months had passed since Mr. Stannard's death, and it was New Year's Eve once more. The unexpected inheritance of his uncle's large fortune had disposed Major Chatterton to much kindly feeling towards the girl who had so accidentally escaped occupying the position in which he found himself. On his return to England he had used every inducement to persuade her to remain in her old home. He had a large family—she would have companions of her own age. Why should such a consideration as false pride make her relinquish the happiness of

home amongst those who had nothing but her welfare at heart and who were wishful to regard her as one of themselves? But Geraldine was firm in her resolve, and at last, after numberless remonstrances on the part of Mr. Lister, that worthy gentleman had not only given her up in despair, but pledged himself to make the necessary enquiries for a situation as governess.

In a shorter time than she had anticipated the desired position was found, and in less than a month after her uncle's death, Geraldine was installed as head of the school-room at Coddington Hall, a large country house in a western county.

Her pupils, the three younger girls in a family of five, were docile and affectionate. Mrs. Bennett, a large-hearted woman, was not slow to appreciate the quiet dignity and conscientious performance of her duties which characterized her youthful governess. This New Year's Eve was to be celebrated by a large ball, for Mrs. Bennett's elder daughters were already "out." In spite of their entreaties and the kindly solicitations of her employer that she would come down, Geraldine could not make up her mind to appear amongst their guests. It was an anniversary, too fraught with sad reminiscences for her to mingle with the gay crowd of pleasure-seekers; only a year ago she had been as carelessly happy as they. How soon her joy had been turned to sorrow. How quickly her serene sky had become overcast. And now she sometimes felt as though the heavy clouds could never more be pierced by the shining rays of happiness.

The distant sound of music came to her ear as she sat in the deserted school-room. A sudden desire to hear more distinctly, to catch a glimpse of the gay world from which she felt so unutterably isolated, prompted her to leave her solitary sanctum; and passing quickly to the head of the staircase that ran around three sides of the large square hall, she leaned over the heavy oak balustrade and watched the moving couples passing to and fro.

So intent was she in her observations that a gentleman had come out of the corridor which led to the bachelors' wing, and was almost at her side before she was aware of his presence. A hasty glance and her heart stood still.

It was Hugh Trafford.

She had not seen him since that well remembered day in the library. How handsome he was; how noble his presence.

The unexpected suddenness of the meeting removed any unpleasant consciousness.

"You here! This is indeed a surprise."

Her cordiality was so involuntary that his face brightened eagerly as he answered in a like strain:

"A pleasant one, I hope. And you! Why are you not dancing?"

"I?" shaking her head sadly. "My dancing days are over. Besides—this is to me a day of sad associations."

"Forgive me. I should have remembered."

"But what brings you here, Dr. Trafford?" with a forced attempt at gaiety.

"My cousin."

"Is Mrs. Bennett your cousin?"

"Yes," smiling at her perplexity. "Does that seem hard to realize?"

Geraldine was silent for a moment—pondering.

"I wonder she never told me. She must have known I came from that part of the country."

Dr. Trafford, leaning on the balustrade, seemed deeply interested in the movements of the crowd below.

She waited till he raised his head once more, then she said:

"I wonder if it was you that found me this situation?"

His eyes met hers and a swift flush rose to her cheeks and dyed her throat and brow.

"Geraldine," he whispered, "I could not bear to think of you among strangers. You were such a child to be cast upon the world, and I—I love you."

"You are very noble. How little I deserve your kindness."

With a swift movement he drew her near to him.

"I love you still, dear. Dare I ever hope that you—?"

"Hush! hush!" she cried, her tears falling as she raised a pleading face to his. "I am unworthy of you. I misjudged you—so wilfully. You cannot imagine the doubts I had—the dreadful things I thought."

"What matter, since the doubts are now dispelled?"

"It was at the dance, you know. I heard two men, strangers, talk of you and Captain Neville, and they said—they said I should be very rich, and that you and he—"

"I understand," with indulgent tenderness; "and so you thought I was a fortune-hunter. But tell me, dear, had you not heard that, could you have sent me away a year ago?"

Her tearful eyes drooped shyly as she answered with sweet simplicity: "No, for I loved you."

The next morning the letter-bag, heavy with congratulations in fancy stationery, contained one plain missive for Geraldine.

It was from Major Chatterton and ran as follows:

MY DEAR GERALDINE:—You have always been so proud and independent that I have never dared to offer you any substantial proof of my regret at having lost a position which you had every right to be proud of, and that you even refused the shelter of my roof has always been a painful remembrance to me. But now a strange thing has happened, that somewhat reconciles me to the thought of having, however unintentionally, turned you out of your home. In taking down a volume from an upper shelf in the library this morning I found between the pages a folded paper, which, on opening, proved to be a will made at Mr. an eighteen months ago. Although informal in its character, it is without doubt a valid document, properly attested and witnessed. As the will was evidently made with a view to securing you a handsome independence without injustice to me, his natural heir, I can only say how glad I am to have been the accidental instrument in finding a document so just and satisfactory to us both. In it he bequeaths to you absolutely the sum of £100,000. I have communicated with Mr. Lister. My wife and family join in hearty congratulations, and I am,

Yours most sincerely,
J. L. CHATTERTON.

Half an hour later Geraldine was summoned to the library, where Mrs. Bennett and Dr. Trafford awaited her.

The former came to meet her as she entered, and giving her a motherly kiss she said:

"Hugh has told me all, my dear. He is a most fortunate fellow. Let me wish you every happiness in the New Year and the new life that he will share with you."

"We have lost a year of it," she replied, with a tearful smile, "and all through my own foolish suspicions." And as Hugh put his hand gently to her lips, "Some time I will tell you all about it, dear Mrs. Bennett. And now I have a most weighty secret to disclose. Read that, sir."

And she handed the letter to Dr. Trafford. He read it to the end and passed it to his cousin.

"Now it is my turn to be proud," with a tender smile. "I have a good mind to refuse you, because, you are, after all, an heiress!"

She put her hands on his arms, with one of her quaint little gestures, as she said:

"To think that it has all come right within a year!"

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Blue Ribbon Tea.

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SINCE 1884

Year	Paid-Up Capital	Reserve Fund	Deposits and Debentures	Total Assets
1884	\$ 250,101		\$ 100,000	\$ 350,101
1888	500,000	\$ 80,000	523,770	1,103,770
1892	1,000,000	250,000	2,856,969	4,106,969
1897	1,250,000	345,000	3,731,181	5,326,181

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E. R. WOOD, Manager.

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Taylor's

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PERFUMED WITH OTTO OF ROSES.

The Colonel's Guest.

BY W. A. FRASER.



HARRY DAYTON was a tailor in Old England. In Calcutta he was a gents' outfitter, which was a marked distinction, without much difference. That was in the good old days, when the partners in the leading houses of that sort made princely incomes.

Harry, the elder, was a good judge of many things besides cloth, and when he awoke to the fact that his two boys, Harry and Jack, had come in for a fair share of the brain which had always been his, he determined to give them a little better "send-off," as he called it, than he had had himself.

The ethics of the prize ring, and a few other kindred subjects which he had devoted many good years of his life to the study of, he found of not much practical use in the fullness of his manhood.

"The boys'll 'ave a better chance than I 'ad," he said, "and 'aving the oof," as he always designated Her Majesty's current coin, he proceeded to buy these two boys the best things in the educational line which were to be had in the open market.

But the whirligig of time has a merry way of proving that sevens are threes, just after one has figured the whole sum of life out satisfactorily, and thus upsetting the calculation; and Harry, junior, and Jack—fine, manly-looking fellows they were too—by the same token, having just failed to hit it off in the few things they went in for, had to come back to the business in which their "old man" had made the jam for his bread.

It was in September that Harry, junior, walked into his father's place of business in Old Court House street, in Calcutta, to take his place as assistant salesman. It mellowed the old man's heart to see his fine, strapping son, with his pleasant manners in the old place; in fact, he almost wept tears of gratitude to think that the chip of the old block had developed into a finer piece of furniture than the old block itself.

"I'm going to send you up country, Harry," he said, with the promiscuous letting loose of a few "h's"; "I'm going to send you up country to look up business, and with the advantages you have had in the way of education, and with the good name the house has got, you ought to come back with a tidy bundle of orders. I want you to go and see Colonel Trendenis at Mugawani."

"Your Uncle Tom was butler in their family. He used to be a good customer, but I am afraid that he has been working the native darzi racket lately, for we haven't written his name in our books for some time; so you ought to sell him a tidy bit of goods. With his recommendation you ought to get an order from every officer in the regiment. You can work a few of the other places on the way up, and I'll write him a letter asking him to favor you with his patronage. That's the line to play them on; call it patronage, call it patronage, my boy, and then they have to come down, and come down handsome, too, if they do anything at all."

THE COLONEL'S GUEST, by W. A. Fraser of Georgetown, Ont., appears simultaneously in the "Windsor Magazine" in England, and in the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post" in the United States, and in publishing it in Canada we have secured by special arrangement the same illustration drawn by B. Martin Justice, for the "Saturday Evening Post."

The next day Harry the younger started on his tour, but the fate which always juggles things about urged him to skip most of the towns on the way, and put it into his head that it would be better in every way for him to get up to Mugawani at an early date and then work back.

Harry the elder would rather cut a suit of clothes—yes, forty suits—than write one letter; so he put off the hour of tribulation from day to day, keeping a mental reckoning of Harry's movements. "He's at Benares now," he would say to himself, and the next day he would figure him out at Allahabad. After a few days he would pass him on to another town—all in his mind. But in the flesh Harry was up at Mugawani, this wise:

When Harry arrived at Mugawani a crazy old gharry took him and his traps to Bynkle's Family Hotel. A good appearance is everything, the old man used to tell Harry, so he spent some time over the good appearance, and then started out to look up Colonel Trendenis. The Colonel was at the mess, and Harry sent in his card when he arrived.

Now, Harry's fastidiousness reached out even to his cards. His father, with his superior commercial development, had loaded him up with a few thousand business cards bearing the prosaic statement that Harry Dayton, Junior, was representing Harry Dayton, Senior, Gents' Outfitter, etc.

"They're all right for the old man," muttered Harry to himself as he shoved them into his box, "but I'm hanged if I'm going to travel around with my pocket full of advertisements like that." So he substituted his own small bits of pasteboard, carrying the plain inscription, "Harry Dayton," and it was because of this that the thing happened just as it did.

"Sahib sends salaams," said the tall bearer who had taken his card in to the Colonel, when he returned to conduct Harry to the Colonel.

At the door of the billiard-room the Colonel, cue in hand and hat off, met Harry with a boisterous rush of jovial friendship.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, holding out his hand, his broad red face one mass of genial friendship. "It does my eyes good to see you again. Come in and sit down and have a peg. You don't mind if I finish the game with the Captain here—oh, excuse me, Captain Melton, Harry Dayton of Calcutta, son of my old friend Harry Dayton, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"He's a warm old party," thought Harry to himself. "I expect he wants to give me a heavy order without paying anything on his bill."

"What sort of a trip did you have out?" asked the Colonel, as he stammered the red down in the middle pocket with a vigorous punch from his cue.

"Oh, very pleasant; you know, then, that I had just come out?" said Harry, just to get a slight grip on the conversation.

"Gad! I should think so," genially exclaimed the Colonel. "Had your father's letter, telling me you were coming, you know?"

"Oh, yes, of course," ejaculated Harry, thinking how very spry and punctual the old man had gotten with his pen to have sent the letter off in that way. "Father told me to look you up."

"Look me up? I should think so! By Jove! Ha, ha! that's rich. Look me up! Why, bless me! what else would you do, my boy? We're going to keep you with us for two or three weeks. I think Elma has a room tidied up for you that won't be half bad after being cooped up in the cabin on the ship."

"Who in thunder is Elma, I wonder?" whispered Harry to himself. "I'll bet you the old Colonel's going to ask tick for the whole regiment."

"How was the Governor looking?" asked the Colonel, as he made a mis-cue and opened up a slit of six inches in the billiard cloth. "You are out, are you, Captain? All right, Harry, my boy; I think we'll go home now. Where are your traps? Did you leave them down at the bungalow?"

"No; they're at the hotel," said Harry, quite bewildered by the Colonel's impetuous way of running things.

"By Jove! beastly stupid that. You should have gone straight to the bungalow. Wasn't expecting you yet for a week, or I'd have gone to the train to meet you."

"I'd rather stop at the hotel, Colonel," said Harry, in desperation; but at this the Colonel simply roared with laughter, and slapped his thigh in derision. "Just like your father, Harry; just like your father. Would rather sleep out on a tombstone than put anybody to the trouble of making him up a bed."

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"Gad!" said the Colonel as they drove along: "I've a notion to make Elma believe you're somebody else. She's never seen you, you know. I might introduce you as a planter down from Tirhoot, only, I suppose you don't know anything about indigo, even though you are going into it," and the Colonel chuckled softly to himself.

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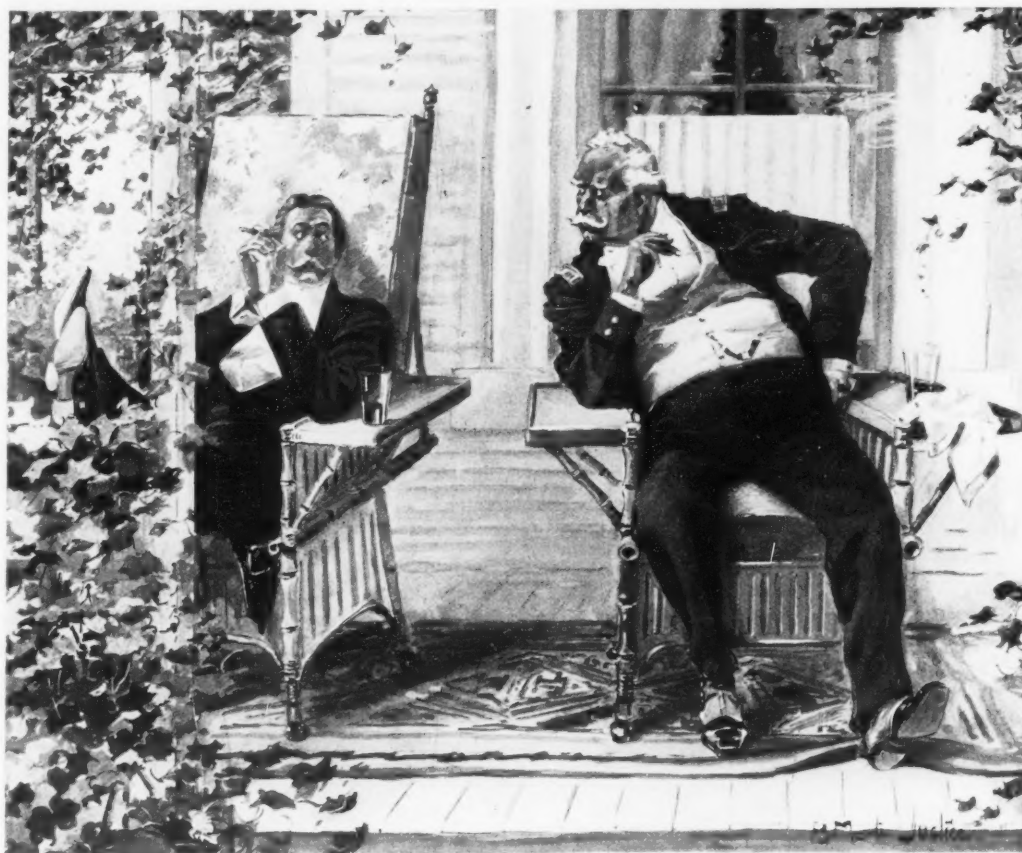
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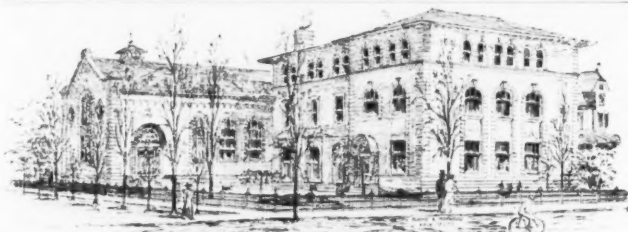
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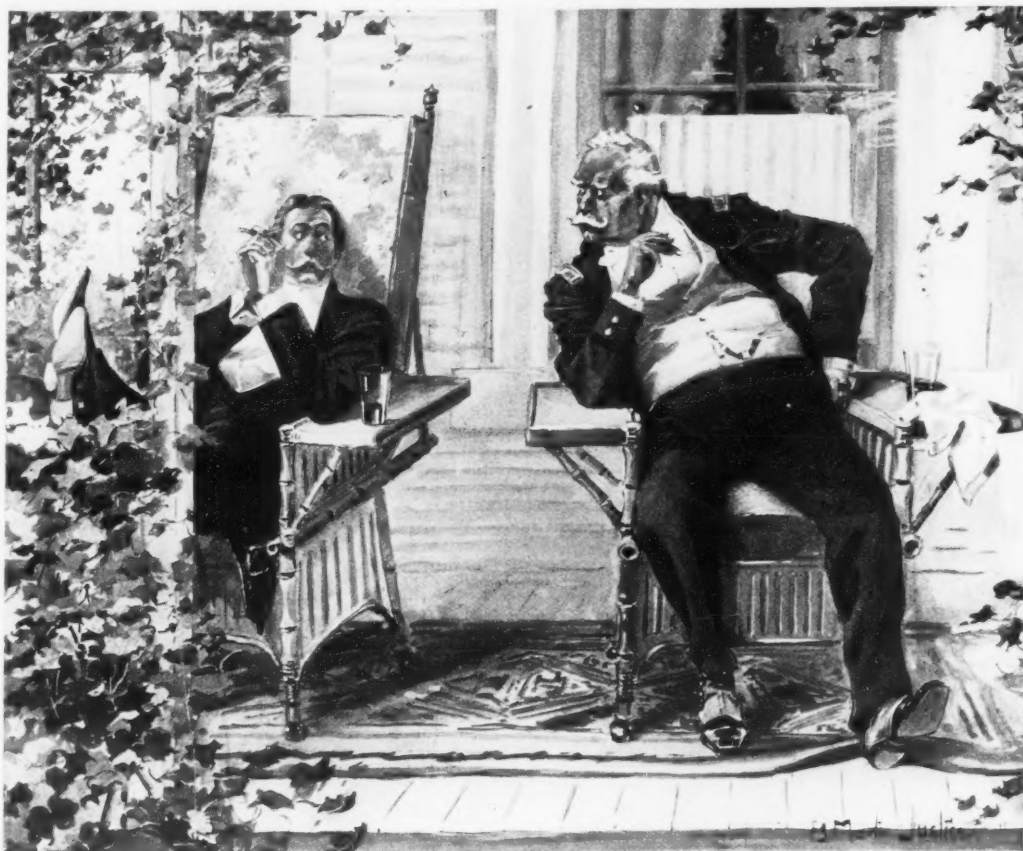
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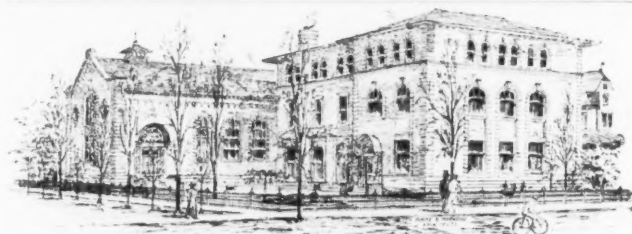
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she'd look wonderfully fine in a well cut habit, he thought to himself.

Harry observed that the Colonel had on a shocking mess-jacket—shocking as far as fit went; it scooted off the Colonel's fat shoulders behind at an angle of forty-five, very much like the turned-down brim of a slouched hat.

"Must have been made by one of the native darzis," said Harry mentally.

As they were smoking their cheroots out on the veranda, Harry thought he'd start the ball rolling and gradually work up to clothes a bit.

"You'll be needing some new dinner-jackets this cold season, sir, I think?"

"What?" gasped the Colonel, swallowing a piece off the end of his cheroot, as he turned his fat figure around in the big, long-sleeved chair.

"Pardon me," continued Harry, "but those you have don't seem to fit very well. May I ask who made them? Couldn't have been the Guv'nor."

"The Guv'nor!" gasped the Colonel; "I should say not. Do you



"HE SAID HE THOUGHT YOU WERE NEEDING SOME NEW CLOTHES."

suppose when he was here I put him at making mess-jackets for me? Gad! no, sir; we never even talked clothes. I entertained him like a prince. But there, there, that's the way with you young fellows. The first, second and last thing you think of is the set of a man's coat or the cut of his trousers."

"He's an awfully touchy old bounder," thought Harry.

After they had finished their smoke and gone to the drawing-room they had a little music, and Elma played the Afghan March. Harry, in his strong, fresh young voice, sang one or two of the newest things at home; and then, at the Colonel's request, sang him his favorite, The Boys of the Old Brigade. He sang it with so much vim that the Colonel rapidly regained his good humor.

"He's a fine, manly-looking chap," thought the Colonel. "Looks just like the old man used to look."

"I must try and do a little business with Miss Elma," mused Harry. "I can't afford to lose all my time here. I'll have to go slow, though, I see, if I expect to stand well with the regiment through the Colonel. Perhaps I'd better get her to speak to him."

"I've been speaking to your father about his mess-jackets and I want your help," remarked Harry to Miss Elma a little later. "They're a little off, you know. He ought to go in for some new ones. Of course, if he didn't know father so well, and wasn't so friendly, I shouldn't dare take the liberty. You had better persuade him to let me send his measure down to Calcutta for a dozen good-fitting jackets. Likely all his clothes are just as bad."

Miss Elma regarded him critically for a moment and then burst out laughing. "You're trying to take a rise out of father, I'm afraid," she said; "but he's awfully touchy about his clothes, and you'll get into no end of a fuss with him if you get his dander up."

"You'll likely need a new habit yourself," added Harry, passing over her remark. "I'll show you the latest thing they're wearing at home;" and he excused himself and darted into his room, returning a moment later with a piece of very dark green ladies' cloth.

"What a useful man you are! That's just the thing I'm after. I shouldn't wonder if you could take my measure and all, you seem to be so well up in these things."

"Yes, I can take it," answered Harry modestly. "I learned how to measure a lady for a habit from the old man. I'll take your measure and send it right off down to Calcutta. That's a start," thought Harry, as he turned in a little later.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, dear?" queried the Colonel, as Elma woke him up from his strong, porpoise-like sleep in the big chair.

"Yes, father. Harry is quite entertaining—knows all about clothes and kindred things, doesn't he?"

"Gad! yes. He wanted me to order a lot of new dinner-jackets. Deuced queer fancy, 'pon my word! Deuced queer!"

The next morning Harry was horrified at the cut of the Colonel's regimentals; but he resolved to wait until evening before he brought the subject up again.

He spoke to Elma about it, and asked her advice about the best way of getting the Colonel to order some new duds.

"I could send his measure to the Guv'nor, you know," he said, "and he would send him on whatever he wanted, and the bill could stand until the Guv'nor came this way himself;" and Harry smiled at her reassuringly.

"I hated to put in that clause about the credit," thought Harry, "but I fancy it's about the only way to fetch him, and I think he'll be all right about the oof some day."

"What an odd chap Harry is," said Miss Elma to herself; "he's a little queer on the subject of clothes, I'm beginning to think."

"Fine fellow, that Dayton," said Spilkins to Delmar, down at the "gym" that evening, as the Colonel rode away with his *protege*. "He's going to look me up at my quarters to-morrow, to show me some samples of light tweed some tailor fellow in Calcutta gave him. Fancy him putting himself to all that trouble about showing me those samples, and only just acquainted."

Harry had another shy at the Colonel that night. They were out on the veranda for the customary cheroot.

"It's getting pretty cool in the evenings now," remarked the Colonel, puffing away.

"Yes, it's quite cold; you'll need an ulster, if you haven't got one, and one could wear a fairly heavy tweed suit now, with the lining out of the back, say. Did the Governor send you any samples when he wrote to you?"

"He's got too much sense!" exclaimed the old gent angrily.

He was getting annoyed over Harry's persistent attention to his wardrobe.

"I fancy he thought they wouldn't be needed, as I was coming," remarked Harry, by way of easing the conversation down a bit.

"No, they wouldn't," answered the Colonel dryly.

"He's not a bad chap at all," said the Colonel to Elma, a little later; "and if he wouldn't make such a confounded darzi of himself, I could like him first-rate."

Elma, too, found Harry a pleasant enough companion as they took their gallop together in the morning, if it wasn't for that one failing. "He was forever and ever harping on the subject of clothes—clothes

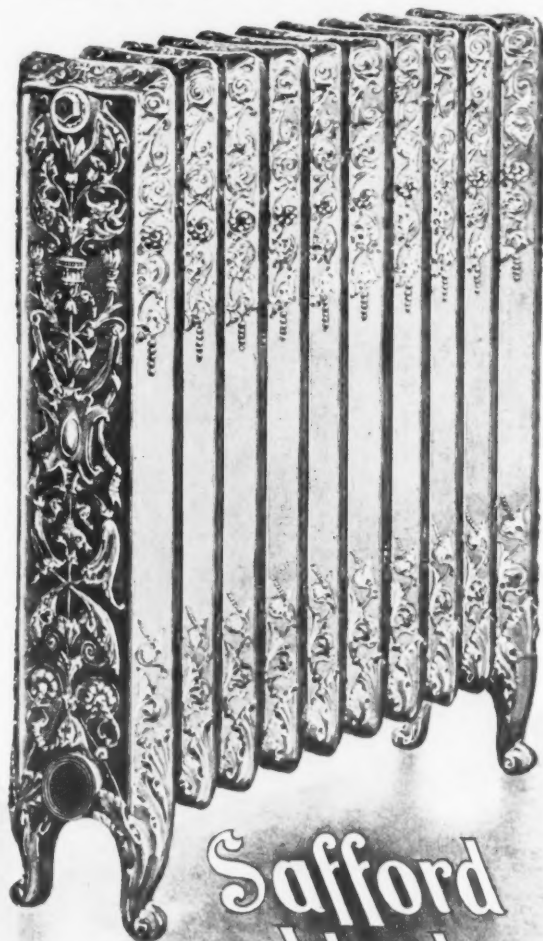
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good clothes bad, and darzi, native darzi made clothes," she assured a lady friend who came to see her one day.

Then Harry Dayton's senior's letter turned up at Mugawani.

"I say, Elma," called out the Colonel to his daughter, "there's a tailor coming up from Calcutta in a few days, and we ought to get him at Harry and let them fight it out between them. By Jove! it looks as though there was a conspiracy on to make me buy some clothes. I'm hanged if I don't put up a job on the two of them. When he shows up I'll tell Harry that he is a man from the cantonments, and that he wants to order some new clothes from Calcutta."

An hour or two later he met Harry and said to him: "By the way, Harry, what do you get for trying to make me get a new lot of togs—a commission? Ha, ha!" and he laughed loud and long.

"No, sir," answered Harry, wondering where the joke came in: "I get a salary, and expect to have an interest in the business."

At this the Colonel laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"You're the driest griffin brought out this year," he sputtered between snorts of laughter. "You'd have made your fortune on the stage. Your Governor made a great mistake. He should by all means have put you behind the wings, instead of into the tailoring," and he laughed again at his little joke, and slapped Harry on the back with a vigor that made his eyes snap.

Harry was bewildered. He had often heard that the sun touched up some of the old-timers and made them a bit eccentric. In fact, he understood that the fifty-five-years'-service rule had been aimed at this sort of thing, but, still, it bothered him.

"By Jove!" he thought, "the Colonel seems to be getting on toward his pension. He seems to have had enough of this land."

"Gad!" muttered Trendenis to himself, "the youngster is as queer as his pater used to be. Funny, too, that it should develop so soon; the old man's fancies ran to boxing and building an underground railway on his place. Used to imagine that he could knock the middle-weight champion out. I wonder if he keeps it up. I'll ask the boy."

Suiting the action to the word, he asked: "Does the Governor still keep up his boxing?"

"Not much now, sir. Says it takes him away from his work too much; besides, his customers didn't like it—thought it was too rowdy."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, wondering who the customers were. "I suppose it really interfered with the underground railway," and his sides shook with suppressed mirth.

"Yes, probably!" blankly answered Harry, wondering if it also hadn't something to do with the discovery of the North Pole. "He's as mad as a March hare," mused Harry, "and I wonder how he manages to command the regiment." Then he remembered having heard of Colonel Magog, who was in charge of a division of the Great Government Railway for many moons, though he was quite off his head about some things. "Strange country this, and I'm right in the middle of the hurly burly. I'm being entertained by a crazy colonel and can't get an order from him, though he's not got a decent coat to his name."

It was next day down at the gymkana that the Colonel undertook to give Harry a few pointers about billiards.

The Colonel's score stood fifty-four to Harry's ninety, which put Trendenis in a grumpy mood.

"Where do the officers of your regiment get their clothes made, generally, sir?" asked Harry as he chalked his cue, making the chalk squeak on the tip with a peculiar rasping noise.

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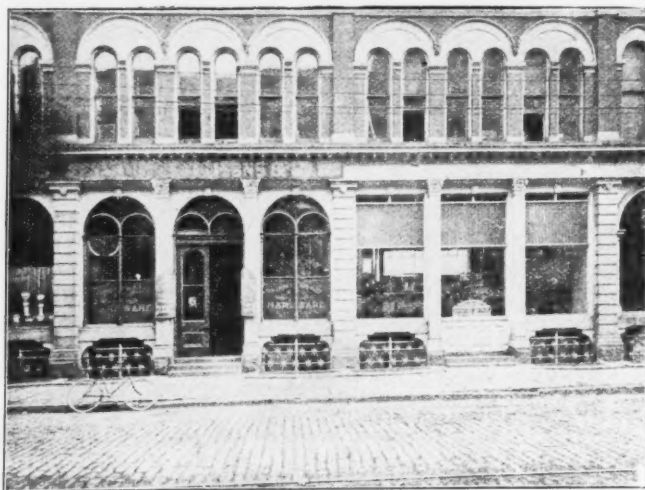
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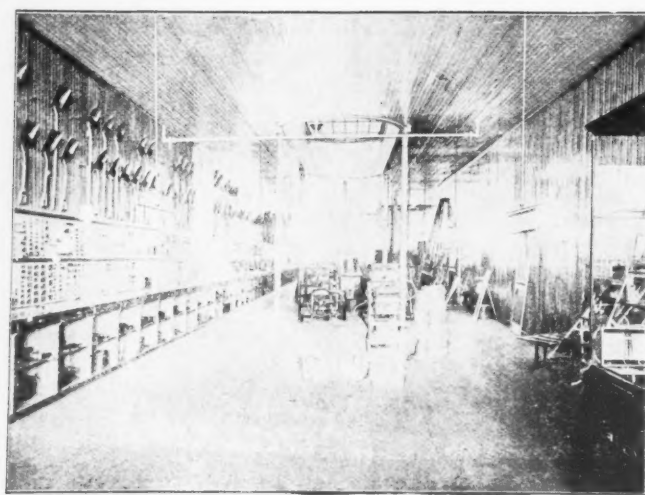
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"Their grandmothers make their clothes and send them out from home," answered the irate Colonel; that was because Harry's question and the rasping of his chalk had made the old gentleman miss a very easy carom, and because his score was fifty-four.

That evening Harry made a last futile effort to get Colonel Trendenis to get down seriously to the subject of clothing.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I had better be moving on to-morrow. I am rather afraid that I am allowing pleasure to interfere with business. Father was anxious that I should go on from here after seeing you."

"Naturally, naturally," repeated the Colonel; "I like to see that spirit in our young men; but, at the same time, you must give us a few days more of your company. I am glad that your father is putting you into business instead of the service. It's gone to the dogs now. I am sure you will do well in business. Indigo isn't what it was, but still it's better than the service."

That night in his room the Colonel continued the monologue silently: "Fine principle the youngster's got."

"He's certainly a little touched," ran through Harry's mind about the same time. "He thinks that I'm in indigo now."

The following day, as they were all at tiffin together, there was the grinding of gharry wheels on the rubble road, and soon the bearer brought in a card which he tendered to Colonel Trendenis with a grave and humble salaam.

There was a perceptible rising of the gray bristles about the Colonel's mouth as he turned to Harry and said: "I wish you would go out and speak to this chap. He's from the cantonment, and I told him that you could put him in the way of getting something up to date in the way of clothes. Tell him that I'm not available just now. Don't let him bother me, whatever you do."

The Colonel lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Don't spoil sport," he said to Elma, as she began to remonstrate. "You'll see some fine fun between them. It's the tailor's man from Calcutta, and Harry can have it out with him to his heart's content—deuced queer fad that of his, anyway, this clothes business. His father would have gone around in a gunny sack any time—he didn't care a rap how he looked."

"Begins to look a little like business at last," thought Harry as he made for the veranda; "very kind of the old duck, I'm sure."

The young man was already waiting at the head of the steps.

"Do you wish to see me?" queried Harry.

"I wished to see Colonel Trendenis," answered the young man, who was standing on the steps.

"Well, the Colonel received your card and asked me to make his excuses, as he's engaged just now. He thought that I might do just as well—in fact, better. He said that he thought you were needing some new clothes very badly, and if that is so, I shall be glad to help you in the matter."

The stranger's face flushed and he looked at Harry with eyes that were wide open with astonishment.

"I'm very much obliged to Colonel Trendenis, I'm sure, but if I need any clothes, I'm quite able to pay—"

"Ah! certainly—of course!" interrupted Harry "but you needn't worry about the pay; I'll manage all that to your entire satisfaction," and he smiled cheerfully upon the other, whose face was as the face of a red mask now.

"Did Colonel Trendenis say that he was too busy to see me?" said the stranger, mastering his passion with a mighty effort, and speaking with a slow, deliberate drawl.

"Yes," answered Harry; "he said that if I would see about your duds, that that was about all you needed, he thought."

"May I ask if Miss Trendenis is here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered Harry. "She was with her father when your card came in, but if you'd care to see her I can tell her that you're here."

"Oh, no!" hastily interrupted the other. "Thank you, no! I fancy I've given trouble enough this morning," and there was just a touch of finely drawn scorn in his voice, like the faint vibrating of a minor chord on a gently touched violin. It was too finely drawn for Harry's prosaic soul, so he answered with breezy good nature, "No trouble at all, I assure you. Should be delighted to fix you up with some new togs."

"Togs be hanged!" rather rudely remarked the other, as he clambered into the ramshackle old gharry.

Nothing daunted, Harry held up his hand to the gharry wallah to stop, and rushed down to the gharry.

"Where are you stopping?" he enquired.

"Over in the cantonment," answered the other evasively.

"If I knew just where," said Harry, "I could call and see what you needed in the way of clothes."

But with a sound of smothered profanity within, and sundry wild Hindoo expletives without, the gharry rolled away.

"Either half the people up here are crazy," mused Harry, "or else some opposition house is putting up a job on me."

"A nice sort of friend of my father's, Colonel Trendenis must be," thought Harry number two, as he puffed savagely at a cheroot. "Wonder if he thought the Governor had sent me out here to sponge on him for a new outfit. Wouldn't see me, either, but sent that moon-faced secretary or whatever else he is out to offer to buy me clothes. Seems like a nice sort of country!"

"How did you get on with him, Harry?" asked the Colonel when Harry reappeared.

"Well, he has gone, anyway. As soon as I commenced to talk about clothes to him, and offered to get him a new outfit, he clambered into the gharry and with the use of much bad language drove off."

And then the Colonel begged Harry, as he valued the life of one of Her Majesty's soldiers, which was always worth \$500, at least, laid down in India, to desist, for he was killing him; and it did seem as if apoplexy would be the end of it, for Trendenis was purple with the laughter which could not get away fast enough.

"Everybody is quite mad," thought Harry, as he sat there very solemn; and he mentally resolved to leave Mugawani at once.

But the mirth was stopped by the appearance of the solemn old bearer with another "ticket."

"Captain Featherstone," read the Colonel as he looked at the card.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Harry to himself, "that's the man the Guv'nor told me to collect that old bill from. It's over a thousand now, and he hasn't paid a rupee for years. I'll nail him when the Colonel gets through with him."

Harry strolled out, and Trendenis had his private interview with the visitor.

Shortly after Featherstone left him, the Colonel heard rather loud voices out on the veranda. He heard the Captain say, "What in thunder has it to do with you?"

"Everything," he heard an answering voice that was Harry's. "Everything. The Governor told me to collect this bill of you, and I spoke to you, just now, civil enough about it."

"What's up, gentlemen?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he appeared in the doorway.

"I just handed the Captain here father's bill," pointing to a bill which lay on the floor torn in two, "and he's kicking up no end of a row about it; wants to know if you've turned your place into a tailor-shop."

"Whose father? What bill? Who's running a tailor-shop?" gasped the Colonel in bewilderment. "Is this a joke?"

"Why, father's bill? 'Harry Dayton, Gents' Outfitter,'" and he produced one of the firm's big cards from his pocket.

"And who are you, then?" asked Trendenis in a hoarse whisper. "Are you the son of this man—this tailor? Aren't you the son of my old friend, Harry Dayton, in Maidenscote, England? He wrote me that his son was coming out. Aren't you he?"

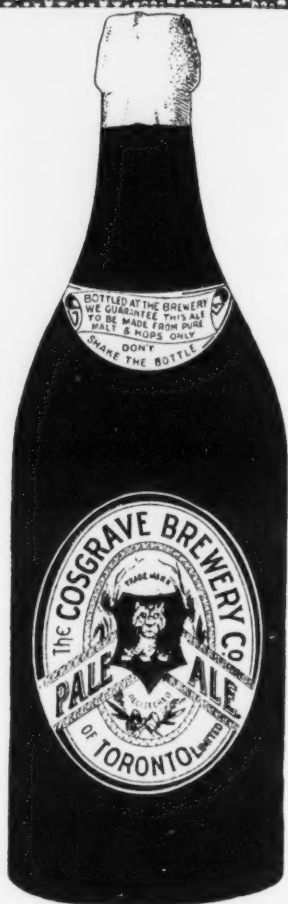
Light began to dawn on all of them, for they could all plainly see that there was some terrible mix-up.

"No, sir; I'm not," said Harry. "Father lives in Calcutta, and wrote to you that I was coming up to solicit orders."

"Where in thunder is the other man, then—the son of my friend? For I got his letter right enough. I've got it!" he exclaimed. "It was the other Harry who arrived this morning, and this is his card," and he fished the pasteboard from his vest-pocket.

That was the way it was—the combination was simple enough. Calcutta Harry had arrived in conjunction with the English Harry's letter, and the Harry from England had arrived to fit in with the tailor's letter from Calcutta. But the wearing of coarse cloth and rubbing of the ashes of humiliation were the fruits of the aftermath; and the squaring of the fellows at the mess and the gym, and the hunting up of the right Harry.

"It was terrible," the Colonel said, inventing divers expressive adjectives to embellish the opinion he held of himself. One phrase that he repeated often was, "Not an order shall he get in the regiment—never—and not one in all Mugawani!"



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